

SCENE ON THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

THIS picture of a Savoyard and his Monkey, rowed from Travels in Europe, by H. C. Crockett. It tells its own story.

From The Evening Post.

A GLEAM OF THE NORTH LIGHT.

THIS night was clear, and the heavens bright
looked down on the dancing waves,
And the sea-fire sparkled fitfully, like death-
lights over graves;
But the roar of the surf had a hollow sound
where it smote the echoing shore,
As it sang the dirge of the strong of heart whose
graves its crest swept o'er.
The gentle breeze scarce filled my sail when I
left the land-locked bay,
And now that I rode on the ocean-waves it qui-
etly died away:
While the idle sail flapped sullenly in the damp
and heavy air,
As if chiding the wind for the treachery that left
it helpless there.
The waves had lost their sparkling flow, and
glassily they rolled,
Sullen and dark, like traitors' hearts, that hide
the crimes they hold;
And with the calm o'er all the stars that shone
so bright at even,
A gloom seemed rising from the sea, and blotting
out the heaven—
A mystic gloom that was not fog, yet was no
more a cloud,
But a vague and misty darkness, like a dead
night's dusky shroud,
That hid the stars and heaven, but showed the
sea-fire bright,
When the plunging bow threw the waves aside
in flakes of ghastly light.
Darker and darker grew the night, and through
the gloom the tone
Of the moaning surf on the distant beach,
swelled like a giant's groan:
When, lo! where the water's line is lost in the
blackness of the sky,
A light is starting from the wave and spreading
far and high.
What it is yet I cannot tell, as it glimmers
through the haze,
But for my soul I cannot move, or change my
fixed gaze;
While like the blaze from Arctic ice the light un-
earthly streams,
And the hollowed waves look black as graves,
their crests lit by its beams.
'Tis nearer now, on all around the ghastly light
is thrown—

The sea has changed from sleep to death, the
waves are turned to stone,
While from the deep, as dreams from sleep, fan-
tastic forms are springing,
And a deathly cold, like a dead man's hold, on
my chilling heart is clinging;
The waves are changed to glittering ice, that
sparkles in the rays
Of the northern light, whose lances bright with
ruddy crimson blaze,
And all around, where waves were crowned, new
figures ever rise:
Castle, and towers, and lofty cliffs that threat the
changeful skies,
Now bathed in rosy sunset light—now tinged
with yellow gold,
Or glittering white, like silver bright, with lines
distinct and cold.
The splendors of the vision seemed to hold me
fast and still,
While to my breast my every breath grew deadly
cold and chill.
But see! what surges with the wave that heaves
the glittering mass?
What form is that which darkly looms through
walls of icy glass?
A ship—whose hull so weather-beat seems like a
ghost-ship pale,
Whose snowy yards are whiter than the canvas
in the sail;
Upon whose deck the men are still—each sailor
with his hand
Outstretched upon the tackle, as if waiting the
command—
But all so still. I cannot tell whether 'tis life or
death—
My voice is frozen in my throat—I gasp and
strive for breath—
I strive to hail the silent ship ere yet she surges
past—
At first in vain—but, now, Oh joy! my voice
returns at last.
No answer comes: all silently the doomed ship
holds her course;
Again I send the friendly hail—once more with
greater force—
When suddenly the charm is broke—the waves
resume their flow,
And the stars once more look twinklingly upon
themselves below:
And my vision of the Erebus, with bold John
Franklin's crew,
Sweeps out of sight, like vanished dream, forever
from my view. B.

REMEDY.

I was drooping, I was grieving,
O'er life's ills, a hideous train;
All, I said, is but bereaving;
All is loss without a gain!

There is not one stable blessing
For our weak and sinful clay:
In the moment of possessing
Every joy is snatched away!

Suddenly there comes a splendor
Richly gushing from the skies;
As a maiden, bright yet tender,
Streamed upon my wondering eyes.

"Cease," she said, "thy strain of sorrow!
Mortal, turn thy looks on me!
I am daughter of To-morrow,
And my name is Remedy!

"Nothing is, that is without me;
I was present at the birth
Of the Universe about me;
Mine is Heaven; mine is Earth!"

"Sphere," I cried, "sublime of action!
Yet a doubt suspends my breath:
For disgrace, despair, distraction,
What thy cure? She answered, "Death!"

"That," I cried, with bitter feeling,
"Is from woe to woe to flee.
Say, for death itself what healing?"
She replied—"Eternity!"

Household Words.

From The Home Journal.

YOUR HAND I TAKE IN MINE.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Your hand I take in mine, Willie,
And fancy I've the art
To read, while gazing on your face,
The records of your heart:
'Tis joy an honest man to hold,
That gem of modest worth,
By me more prized than all the gold
Of all the mines of earth, Willie,
Of all the mines of earth.

I've marked your love of right, Willie,
Your proud disdain of wrong;
I know you'd rather aid the weak
Than battle for the strong.
The golden rule—religion's stay—
With constancy pursue,
Which renders others all that they
Can ever render you, Willie,
Can ever render you.

A conscience void of guile, Willie,
A disposition kind,
A nature gentle and sincere,
Accomplished and refined,
A mind that was not formed to bow,
An aspiration high,

Are beaming on your thoughtful brow,
And in your cheerful eye, Willie,
And in your cheerful eye.

I never look at you, Willie,
But with an anxious prayer
That you will ever be to me
What now I'm sure you are.
I do not find a fault to chide,
A foible to annoy,
For you are all your father's pride,
And all your mother's joy, Willie,
And all your mother's joy.

You're all that I could hope, Willie,
And more than I deserve;
Your pressure of affection now
I feel in every nerve.
I love you—not for fashion's sake,
But for yourself alone;
And this is why your hand I take
So fondly in my own, Willie,
So fondly in my own.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

Where are the stars—the stars that shone
All through the summer night?
Where are they and their pale queen gone,
As if they were afraid to be look'd upon
By the gaze of the bold daylight?

Gone they are not. In the far blue skies
Their silent ranks they keep;
Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,
They wait till the breath of the night-wind sighs,
They come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is,—the lights that cheer
The night of our distress,
When brighter, gladder hours appear,
Forgotten with our grief and fear,
Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,
Those lamps of love remain;
And when life's shadows close, and we
Look up some ray of hope to see,
Shall glad our hearts again.

HUMILITY.—The whole Roman language (says Wesley) even with all the improvements of the Augustan age, does not afford so much as a name for *humility* (the word from whence we borrow this, as is well known, bearing in Latin a quite different meaning): no, nor was one found in all the copious language of the Greeks, till it was made by the great Apostle.—Vol. vii, p. 329.

"D. D.—Some gentlemen upon whom this degree has been conferred, having deemed it desirable to gain an additional degree of notoriety, have publicly declined the same, whereupon the editor of the *Indiana American* proposes the adoption of a new degree, namely, "D. D. D."—doctor of divinity declined.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE THREE ERAS OF OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, the great American orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, in a lecture he delivered at Boston, said, in allusion to steam power: "In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short space of fifty years! What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible." When Webster spoke thus, the grand problem of ocean steam-navigation had not been solved; in fact, the possibility of a steam-ship crossing any *ocean* was generally denied both by practical and scientific men. Three distinct eras of ocean steam-navigation have however, subsequently become matters of history. The third era is only just inaugurated, and the fact has suggested to us that a couple of pages may be not unprofitably devoted to a brief chronicle of the three first voyages of the pioneer ships.

ERA FIRST.—Almost contemporaneously with the publication in a quarterly review of an essay by a learned and scientific writer, who demonstrated in a way perfectly satisfactory, so far as figures and theory went, that it was impossible for a steam-ship to cross the Atlantic, a spirited company was preparing to solve the problem by an actual trial. A steam-ship called the *Great Western* was built at Bristol, her registered tonnage being 1840, and therefore a much larger steam-vessel than any ever launched before, although now-a-days she bears about the same relative proportion to the gigantic *Himalaya*, for instance, as a frigate does to a three-decker. All being prepared, she took 600 tons of coal on board, to work her two engines of 225 horse-power each. History, hereafter, will not omit to record that the name of her able commander was Lieut. Hosken, R. N. Immense interest was excited throughout Great Britain and America by the news that so bold and important an experiment was about to be tried. Many were sanguine of its success; many otherwise. One thing was evident—that if the voyage should be successfully performed, incalculable advantages, commercial, social, and political, would result to both countries. A number of daring passengers—for daring they were thought in that day—took berths for the voyage; and finally, on 8th April, 1838, at noon, the gallant ship steamed away from her anchorage at the mouth of the river Avon—a few miles up which Bristol is situ-

ated—and majestically descended the Severn, bound for New York. She had commenced her memorable voyage—a minute and graphic narrative of which, by one of her passengers, is lying before us. When they were fairly under-way, he makes this noteworthy observation: "Whatever misgivings might previously have assailed us in the contemplation of our voyage, I believe that at this moment there was not a faltering heart among us. Such stability, such power, such provision against every probable or barely possible contingency, and such order presented itself everywhere on board, as was sufficient to allay all fear. That there should latterly have been a doubt as to the practicability and safety of a passage by steam across the Atlantic, seems indeed strange, when, with any effort of reason we look at the question." It is easy and simple enough for even a school-boy to indorse this last sentence *now*; but early in 1838, we must not forget that the problem was unsolved, and that the great question of theory *versus* practice had not been decided in favor of the latter.

It is unnecessary to chronicle here the incidents of the voyage. Suffice it that the *Great Western* entered the harbor of New York, at full speed, on the afternoon of 23d April, having performed the passage in the then unprecedentedly short period of fifteen days, in which only 452 tons of the 600 tons of coal on board had been consumed. The fort on Bedlow's Island saluted the steamer with twenty-six guns; and what follows is of such permanent historical interest, and is so well described by our passenger, that we need not apologize for quoting his vivid narrative. "It had been agreed amongst us," says he, "some days previously, that before we left the ship, one of the tables should be christened Victoria—the other, the President. Wine and fruit had been set upon them for this purpose: We were standing round the former of them; the health of Britain's Queen had been proposed; the toast was drunk; and amidst the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The fire was electric. Our colors were lowered in acknowledgment of the compliment, and the burst that accompanied it from our decks—drinking the President and the country, and breaking wine again—was more loud and joyous than if at that moment we had unitedly overcome a common enemy. Proceeding still, the city became more distinct—trees, streets, the people—the announcement of the arrival of the ship by telegraph had brought thousands to every point of view upon the water-side; boats, too, in shoals were out to welcome her, and every object seemed a superadded impulse to our feelings. The first to which our atten-

tion was now given was the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in the North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her deck, her paddle-boxes, her rigging, mast-head high! We passed round her, receiving and giving three hearty cheers, then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads seemed collected—boats had gathered around us in countless confusion, flags flying, guns were firing, and cheering again—the shore, the boats, on all hands around, loudly and gloriously, seemed as though they would never have done. It was an exciting moment—a moment which, in the tame events of life, finds few parallels: it seemed the outpouring congratulations of a whole people, when swelling hearts were open to receive and to return them. It was a moment that, if both nations could have witnessed, would have assured them, though babblers may rail, and fools may affect contempt, that at heart there is still a feeling and an affinity between them. It was a moment of achievement! We had been sharers in the chances of a noble effort, and each one of us felt the pride of participation in the success of it, and this was the crowning instant. Experiment then ceased; certainty was attained; our voyage was accomplished. A proud and thrilling moment it must indeed have been to all concerned. In explanation of the allusion in the above to the *Sirius*, we may here state that this was a smaller steam-ship, which had sailed from Cork before the *Great Western* left Bristol, and had arrived a day or two before the latter vessel; but as the *Sirius* only partially used her engines, not having, we believe, stowage for sufficient fuel to keep them constantly plying, and performed most of the voyage under canvas, it is to the *Great Western* the fame is due of being the first ship propelled by steam across the Atlantic.

ERA SECOND.—After the lapse of twelve years, a second striking era of ocean steam-navigation commenced. The public mind was excited to a pitch of feverish anxiety concerning the gold discoveries in Australia, and in order to provide for the delivery of mails to and from the colony with greater speed and regularity, a company was formed, pledged to effect this by a line of great steam-ships. Even then, people who ought to have known better, confidently predicted that direct steam communication with Australia was impracticable. As in the previous case of crossing the Atlantic, nothing would convince them or settle the question but actual performance. Now, as the distance to be run is little short of 16,000 miles, it is obvious that no ship, unless of enormous size, can carry sufficient fuel to perform the entire voyage under steam, without stopping to take in coal at stations on the way; and this has caused hitherto considera-

ble delay and great additional expense. The pioneer was the *Australian*, a large, new, Clyde-built iron steam-ship, that first started from London, and after some accidents and delays, finally left Plymouth with the mails on the 5th June, 1852, under command of Capt. Hoseason. She anchored at St. Vincent on the 16th to take in coal, which had previously been sent to the depot there from England. This occupied three days. The ship then proceeded on her voyage, and after coaling at St. Helena, reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 19th July, where she again coaled, sailing from Table Bay on the 22d, and anchored in King George's Sound, West Australia, on the 20th of August. There she received coal from a ship sent out with a cargo from England expressly for her, and a few days afterwards proceeded to Adelaide, which she reached on the 29th, and Melbourne on the 2d of September. This was the first voyage performed by a steamer from England to the antipodes. In some respects it was a badly managed voyage, much unpleasantness occurring among both passengers and crew, repeated accidents happening to the machinery, and the coal running short between the stations, so that at times the engines stopped, and the vessel had to lie-to, or proceed under canvas. Nevertheless, it effectually demonstrated the practicability of the enterprise: and since then, several splendid steam-ships—including the famous *Great Britain*—have been put on the station, and perform the voyage to and from Australia in a satisfactory manner; calling at the Cape, both on the outward and homeward passage, to land and receive mails and passengers. When arrangements for coaling, etc., are perfected, there can be no doubt that steam-ships will make—even if they do not already—the Australian passage with a punctuality equal to that which distinguishes the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers. Taking into consideration the prodigious expanse of ocean to be traversed, surely this will be, and in a great measure is, a triumphant realization of the most sanguine hopes of those who have watched the progress of steam navigation—a progress which we may safely say is only paralleled in the history of railway enterprise.

ERA THIRD.—A very recent era is the third. Last year (1853), a remarkably fine American paddle-wheel steamer called the *Golden Age*, came to Liverpool, where she attracted much notice. She was of great size and power, built with all the latest transatlantic fashions and improvements. One truly novel peculiarity about her struck us exceedingly—she literally had no bowsprit! When we first saw an engraving of her, we thought it probable that she would rival, if not surpass, in speed any ship ever built in England, and

the sequel fully bore out our anticipation. Her owners resolved to send her to Australia, and she made the quickest passage out on record, up to that time. What she has done since, is far more memorable and important. On the 11th of May 1854, she left Sidney, and in thirteen days reached Tahiti, where she took in the enormous weight of 1200 tons of coal. This occupied her six days; and on the 31st she sailed direct for Chagres, (Isthmus of Panama), which she reached on the 19th of June—the passage from Sydney, including the long stoppage mentioned, thus being performed in about thirty-nine days! Let the reader refer to a map, and he will better appreciate this wonderful feat, which, it is said, was rendered more remarkable owing to strong head-winds during the first part of the voyage; and the current against her course is estimated as equal to an extra 768 miles. It is, however, mentioned that “from Tahiti, so smooth was the sea, and so mild the passage, that a canoe might have come the whole distance in safety.” Pacific Ocean this, and no misnomer! When she arrived at Chagres, or Panama, she happened to be just in time to transfer two hundred passengers, her mails, and a million sterling in gold, to the West Indian steamer *Magdalena*; and, consequently, we received in London on the 18th of July, letters from Sydney to the 11th, and from Melbourne to the 5th of May—only 67 days from Sydney!*

It is thus to American skill and enterprise that credit is due for first opening direct steam communication across the vast Pacific—in that manner connecting Australia and Europe by the medium of Panama. We cannot read without regret that the spirited proprietors of the Golden Age have incurred a dead loss of several thousand pounds by the experiment, solely owing to the cost of coal at Tahiti. But they have shown what can be done; and nothing can be more certain than that, ere long, arrangements will be made sufficiently economical to enable a regular line of noble steamships to traverse this novel route, and so bring us within two months' distance of Australia. To quote a newspaper paragraph: “Ever since Columbus set out across the Atlantic in search of India, it has been the dream of com-

merce to reach the East by the West; and from the time that Balboa caught a glimpse of the great trans-American ocean from the heights of Darien, the world has looked forward to the junction of the two oceans at one point or another, as the commencement of a new era in the history of commerce. Nevertheless, the Pacific has hitherto been a field of adventure, rather than of regular commerce. Till recently, it has been cut off from all direct communication with the trade and civilization of Europe and America. No maritime nations of importance have occupied any part of the extensive line of coast by which it is circumscribed, and within which it has lain in silent repose rather like a secluded lake than a mighty ocean. But a new destiny is beginning to dawn upon it. The Golden Age breaks in upon its isolation, and arouses it from its slumbers. She inaugurates an era in which its commerce will probably as far transcend that of the Atlantic, as the latter eclipsed that of the Mediterranean.”

Only sixteen years have elapsed since the Great Western first crossed the Atlantic, and already England alone possesses scores of mighty ocean steamers, varying from 2000 to 3500 tons burden—and others very much larger are in the course of construction. Regular lines of them traverse both the North and the South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Mediterranean, etc. Millions of capital have been expended in their building and equipment, and the British government pays to the several companies a sum little if anything, short of a million sterling per annum for postal services. Liverpool is the chief port of departure for the Atlantic and Australian steamers, and Southampton for the Oriental, West Indian, Peninsular, etc. The United States bid fair, ere long, to rival us by sending forth as many and as magnificent ocean steamers as ourselves. France also possesses a few fine ones, plying between Havre and America. Most of the great steamers built of late are propelled by the screw. All the British and American ships are fitted up in a splendid manner—every imaginable provision being made for the accommodation and enjoyment of first class passengers. So far as these are concerned, a voyage in an ocean steamer is a delightful pleasure-trip, spent in gorgeous saloons, where they live quite as luxuriously as they could in a first-rate hotel on shore.

A ceaseless progression is manifested on the construction of our ocean steamers. Each newly built steam mammoth excels its predecessors in some respect or other, in superiority of size, in improvement of build, or of machinery, or of internal arrangement, or of provision for the safety of passengers and crew—and there is yet very urgent need for better

* Since writing the above, we have learned that the English screw steam-ship “*Argo*” (1850 tons register) has recently returned to England from Australia via Cape Horn—being the first steamer that has circumnavigated the globe. According to an advertisement by her owners, she made the passage out to Australia in sixty-four days, and has now returned via Cape Horn in the same time. Since the ancient days of Jason and his Golden Fleece, several celebrated ships have borne the renowned name of “*Argo*,” and certainly we consider the present steamer not the least worthy of the number to be chronicled in history. She has proved herself one of the most notable pioneer-ships of the nineteenth century.

management in the last essential item; for keen rivalry between our various companies, and between all of them and our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, is a powerful stimulant. Above every other consideration, swiftness is deemed the grand desideratum. "I am nothing if not swift!" is the ocean steamer's motto. There seems hardly a limit to what combined science and practical skill, aided by increased experience, may effect in this direction. Shakespeare's Ariel talked of "putting a girdle around the earth in forty minutes;" and ere another generation has passed away, we verily believe our ocean steamers will girdle the earth—steam their 25,000 miles round the solid globe—within forty days!

From Chambers's Journal.

THE WEST HIGHLAND EXODUS OF 1837.

In 1837, great destitution prevailed in many parts of the West Highlands and Hebrides, chiefly in those districts where the manufacture of kelp had been carried on. This manufacture, once lucrative, was now at an end, in consequence of the prohibitive duty being taken off a foreign article. The case, therefore, somewhat resembled that of the West India planters, on free admission being given to the sugar of Brazil. The crops of the district also had failed for several seasons. While the bulk of the people had lost their usual means of subsistence, the landlords could do little to help them, for they had suffered likewise by the late changes. An appeal was made to public benevolence, and a large sum was quickly raised for the relief of immediate wants. It was seen, however, that, without a reduction of the numbers of the people, the existing destitution would be permanent; and it became obvious that some extensive plan of emigration should be adopted.

From various circumstances, it fell to the lot of the writer of this paper to take a leading part in promoting and conducting such a scheme. I first bent my thoughts on Canada, but soon learned that the government could give no aid towards emigration to that colony. They possessed, however, certain funds from the sale of crown-lands in Australia, which were designed to assist in carrying out labor to that more distant region. If the Highlanders could be induced to remove so far from home, and into a region where so few of their countrymen were as yet established, here was a prospect for them. The government, however, had been assured that the Highlanders would not emigrate at all; consequently, they turned rather a cold ear to my proposals. After much discussion with the head of the

Colonial Office, their hesitation somewhat gave way; they agreed to furnish vessels, and I engaged to give my aid gratuitously to an officer they proposed to appoint for conducting the operations.

In a very short time after my return to Edinburgh, I received a call from Dr. Boyter, R. N., who informed me that he had been appointed by the government to carry out the necessary measures; and that, in compliance with the directions he had received, he now called on me for special instructions, as to whether he was to proceed in the first instance. After discussion with Dr. Boyter, I arranged that he should commence in the Isle of Skye and adjoining districts—not only because an extensive emigration was much required from that locality, but from the further reason, that in Skye and its neighborhood I was well known, and possessed some local influence. To Skye, therefore, Dr. Boyter went; and in about fourteen days afterwards he wrote to me, that having been in Australia on four different occasions, and having travelled over much of that country, he fully knew the kind of people who would do well in the colony; and proceeding on this knowledge, he had no hesitation in saying, that he had enrolled as intending emigrants as fine a set of men, women, and children, as he had ever seen; and that, in consequence, he had written to London, requesting that three large emigrant ships should be fitted out, without delay, and sent to Skye, where the people were to embark. All this was to me cheering in the extreme; but in about ten days thereafter, I received a most unlooked for intimation from my new friend. He wrote me, that notwithstanding the greedy desire evinced at first by the people to have their names enrolled for immediate emigration, an unexpected reaction had taken place; and that although the first of the ships ordered by him was then, he believed, about to sail for Skye, he feared that there were not a sufficient number left on his "roll" to fill even one-third of that vessel. He therefore entreated my immediate presence in Skye, to aid him in his difficulties.

With this communication before me, and recollecting my promise to the government—whose doubts as to the Highlanders consenting to emigrate appeared now to be but too well founded—I hesitated not as to the course I was to follow. I left Edinburgh that afternoon, and did not halt till I reached Skye, and joined Dr. Boyter.

I found matters in the same state as they were when Dr. Boyter wrote to me. There was no time to be lost, as the first ship was daily expected. We instantly set to work to dispel the strange delusions under which the poor people labored. We saw the once intending emigrants; we heard their rea-

sons for drawing back; and we answered, and fortunately successfully, the strange and ridiculous misgivings that had induced them to the resolution, rather to remain and starve in Skye, than emigrate to Australia.

One class represented that they had been informed by learned persons, that "the government never did anything for nothing;" and that, although the emigrants were to be taken out free, still, on their arrival in New South Wales, they were all to be made soldiers—the passage to the colony being viewed as the bounty money for the enlistment; and as they were determined that soldiers they would not be, they had made up their minds to stay at home. A second class said, that the above was not the reason why they had drawn back, but they had been informed, that on their arrival in the colony they were to be worked on the roads "in chains," like the convicts, till such time as the expense of their passage was paid by their labor. A third class scouted the idea of being in the least swayed by either of the reasons stated above, but said they had been informed by men who had read books, that New South Wales swarmed with "serpents with wings," whose choicest food was white children; and they were told, that if they went to Australia, and if one of their children was seen by a serpent with wings, basking at the door in the sun, the creature would, without ceremony, pounce down on the poor child, and off with it to the mountains as food for its young. A fourth class had been credibly informed, that Australia was overrun with savages—"little red men with long tails, the terror of the white population, particularly the women and children." And one and all of the objectors united in saying, that no real friend to the Highlanders could desire them, under such startling circumstances, to emigrate to Australia.

It was quite evident that some persons, for their own amusement or other reasons, had been at work to delude the people—for whom, it may be remarked, there was ample excuse in their general ignorance, as well as in the novelty of the idea of Australia. Few had, indeed, ever heard of the country before, except as a place of banishment for British malefactors. Very naturally, too, it was difficult for these poor people to understand how a boon so great and so costly as a free passage to Australia could be given, if that country was really a desirable field for emigration. But in a few days, all objections were answered to their entire satisfaction; a reaction set in, in the right direction; and I then felt comparatively at ease.

The ship which was to convey the emigrants to the land of their adoption now reached Skye. She was large, and comfortably fitted up, and excited the wonder and approbation of the

whole population. No coaxing or entreaty was required to induce the people to go on board; on the contrary there was a rush, on the part of many, to embark and secure their berths. One man (a shepherd) with his wife, on being disappointed of a berth, offered ten sovereigns to any married pair who would give up their places in his favor; but not one in the whole ship—and there were about 320—would take the bribe; and the shepherd was, in consequence, and much to his annoyance, obliged to delay his sailing till some future time. The ship sailed, the following day, quite full. She reached her destination in safety, and all the emigrants found immediate and advantageous employment.

Before I witnessed this embarkation, I had been led to believe that such a scene was of a truly harrowing nature. And, indeed, there were the painful leave-takings of friends assembled on the shore; but once the emigrants were on board the well-found ship, their spirits revived, and many were their expressions of gratitude for the trouble that had been taken to secure their comfort during the passage, and provide for their independence in the country to which they were proceeding.

After the sailing of the first ship, immediate arrangements were made for the despatch of the second; and the dread of the savages now once more returned. A stout, active Highlander expressed to Dr. Boyter a great desire to go, if he could only be made certain of the non-existence of these much-dreaded aborigines. The doctor laughed at him, and told him that people had been practising on his credulity; on which Donald observed; "Well, doctor, I am told you have been frequently in Australia, and have travelled over much of the country; now tell me honestly, did you never see a savage in the course of your travels?" The doctor, looking him full in the face, replied: "I assure you, on my honor, that in all my travels in Australia, I never saw such a savage-looking being as yourself." This reply occasioned a laugh against Donald; and from that time no more was heard of the "little red men with long tails."

While finally taking down the names for the second ship, a decent Highlander, accompanied by his wife and family, came forward for enrolment; and while their names were being inserted, it was observed that the eldest daughter was weeping bitterly. Dr. Boyter asked the girl why she was crying. She replied, she had no objection to go, only she was certain she would be drowned on the passage; on which the doctor said to her: "Never fear, my girl. I have been four times out and home, and you see I was not drowned. I advise you to go; and I shall be very much mistaken if you are twelve months in the colony before you are married, and riding in your own car-

riage." The idea of the carriage caused a general laugh. But Jenny went with her parents, and in due time she wrote home that Dr. Boyter was surely a warlock; "for, only believe! I have just been eleven months in Australia, and I was married, about three weeks ago, to an excellent husband, who drives me every Sunday to church in his gig." It may be well imagined that this letter from Jenny did not in any way damp the desire of the Highland lasses to emigrate to Australia.

From first to last, about thirty ships were despatched under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Boyter, and from time to time cheering accounts were received from the emigrants, intimating the comfortable circumstances in which they were placed, as contrasted with their former miserable state, and advising all who could to leave the "destitute country," and proceed to Australia. While engaged in allaying the doubts and fears of those who had drawn back from their engagement to go, many questions were put to me as to the *Great Country*, as they termed Australia; several of which, I confess, I was not at the time able to answer. On my return home, however, I threw together, from such materials as I could collect, a small pamphlet of about twenty-four pages of print; and I was rejoiced to find afterwards, that it was productive of much good in the Highlands and Islands.

On referring to this little publication, and contrasting the state of Australia in 1837 with its present condition (1854), I am so much impressed with the facts brought before me, that I cannot refrain from advertent to them.

The population of New South Wales in 1837 was upwards of 80,000, independently of the population of Van Dieman's Land, which was then upwards of 35,000. In the year 1852, the population of New South Wales had increased to 220,474, and that of Van Dieman's Land to 70,164. But great as these increases are, they sink into the shade when contrasted with what has taken place in the neighboring settlement of Victoria, as it is now called — late Australia-Felix, or Port-Phillip District of New South Wales — with Melbourne as its capital. In the year 1837, when the emigration commenced from the Highlands and Islands, this new Australian colony was unknown. Major Mitchell, the intelligent Government-surveyor, in his despatch of 24th October 1836, giving an account of his discovery of the country, says: "It has been in my power, under the protection of Divine Providence, to explore the vast natural resources of a region more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen."

And what is now the state of this extraordi-

nary colony of Victoria? * In the year 1852, it had a population of upwards of 200,000. Its exports were that year to the amount of £17,500,000; and its imports upwards of £4,000,000; thus showing that, in the year 1852, every individual in Victoria was consuming, on an average, £20 worth of imported goods." This colony continues to increase daily. It is estimated that the gold produce of last year was £20,000,000; and it is stated in one of the public journals, that in the year 1853, the imports into the colony were to the value of £15,842,637; of which about £13,000,000 was from Great Britain and British colonies, and about £1,700,000 from the United States. The population is, by means of emigration, daily increasing, and at a most extraordinary ratio. I have looked with interest at the tables shewing the increase of emigration to Australia since the year 1837. It appears from a return by the Land and Emigration Commissioners, that this emigration from the United Kingdom was, in the year 1836, 3,124; 1837, 5,054; 1838, 14,021; 1839, 15,786; 1840, 15,850; 1841, 32,625. Then follows a decrease for some years. But the number in 1852 was 86,901.

The above numbers are irrespective of the many thousands who have gone to Australia unaided by the government commissioners; and it may be safely stated, that the population of the several Australian colonies now greatly exceeds 600,000. What a contrast this is with the 1,030 persons who, in the year 1788, landed with Captain Philip at Sydney, and founded the now flourishing colony of New South Wales!

The first free emigrant who obtained a grant of land in New South Wales was a German, who had been sent out by Government as an agricultural superintendent. His grant comprised 140 acres, which, unfortunately for himself, he was induced to sell piecemeal. Had he only retained it about twenty years longer, he could have sold it for at least £100,000, owing to the rapid increase in the value of land in and about Sydney.

Emigration from the West Highlands still continues, and to a large extent. In many instances, the emigrants are now assisted by remittances from friends who preceded them, and who, being active and industrious, have "done well." And in many letters sent home by the now wealthy settlers, this language is used to induce their friends to follow them: — "Come here, and if you are only active and industrious, independence awaits you. At home, tea was seldom seen by us, and when it was, it was cautiously measured out in a spoon; butcher-meat was a luxury rarely enjoyed by

* Much valuable information as to this interesting colony will be found in a recent publication by Mr. Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

us; while here, in our new country, the tea-chest stands open in a corner of the room for the use of all; and as for butcher-meat, we have as much as we can consume or could desire."

From Household Words.

FACES.

A WRITER in the *Athenæum* literary journal, recently observed, in speaking of the Historical Portrait Gallery at Sydenham, that every century seems to have impressed its peculiar crimes and virtues, and its hopes and struggles on the faces of its great men. Let us enlarge upon this text, which has already been indicated in brief.

The face being the outward index of the passions and sentiments within, the immortal dweller fashions and moulds the plastic substance of its home, and helps to form and to alter the architecture of its house, like the bees and birds. In return, his mind is not seldom influenced by the house itself. Between the head of a Shakspeare or a Bacon, and that of a Newgate murderer, there is as much difference as between a stately palace standing apart and a rotting hovel in a blind alley. The spiritual principle writes its own character on its exterior walls, and chronicles from time to time its upward aspirations or its more complete abasement; for every one must have observed that, even in comparatively mature life, a face may alter for the better or worse—may waver with the wavering mind—may report with terrible fidelity the progress of that inner struggle between the good and evil, darkness and the light. Such a face becomes of itself a drama of profound and pathetic interest—too often a tragedy in its ending, though sometimes a triumph; but in any case a tremendous spectacle; because, in the visage of our human fellow-creature, we behold the battle-ground of the oldest antagonists in the world—a visible incarnation of the Manichean dream—the ancient mystery of Evil wrestling openly with Good. The features may also be impressed with the character of surrounding influences, and are too often made sordid and earthy by their owners being compelled to live in the midst of squalid and depressing scenes—like the Lady Christabel of Coleridge's beautiful poem, who is obliged involuntarily to imitate the serpent-glance of the witch.

It is moreover generally admitted that the cultivation of particular branches of intellect leads to a distinctive character of physiognomy, and that—perhaps as a consequence of this—all nations have a cast of countenance peculiar to themselves, and not to be mistaken by a thoughtful observer. For instance, the

Greeks and the Italians, who in former times were the most artistic people in the world, possess to this day the most ideal heads and faces that are to be met with any where; and cannot we see in the melancholy, meditative eyes of the poor Hindoos who sweep our London crossings, the essential characteristics of that ancient race from whom all mythology and all mystical philosophy are derived, and who speculated so long and so profoundly on the gray secrets of birth, death and resurrection that they became a petrified mass among the living nations of the earth? In families where ancestral portraits are kept, it will often be found that a particular form of countenance reappears in different successive generations conjoined with a similar tendency of mind or heart. Leigh Hunt remarks in his *Autobiography*, that there is a famous historical bit of transmission called the Austrian lip; [then there is the pear-shaped face of the Bourbons]; and faces which we consider to be peculiar to individuals are said to be common in whole districts—such as the Bocaccio face in one part of Tuscany, and the Dante face in another. "I myself," he adds, "have seen in the Genoese territory many a face like that of the Bonapartes." William Howitt professes to have discovered a schoolboy at Stratford-upon-Avon, named Shakspeare, by his likeness to the portraits of the poet; but these transmissions are less common in England than elsewhere, on account of the mixed population and the continual influx of fresh foreign blood, which is known to have an influence upon our national physiognomy.

A parity of physical and moral characteristics in different individuals, however, may exist without any relationship. Hazlett once remarked that the heads of the more brutalized of the Roman emperors were very like our English prize-fighters; and the *Athenæum* writer to whom we have alluded observes that "the depraved women of the imperial times, as Faustina, Agrippina, etc., have the hard, round forehead, and small weak chin which became the marked features of the Louis Quinze age, or may be traced in the sleepy-eyed, languid beauties of Lely and of Kneller."

That the face is modified by the passions of its owner, and that the character may, in a great degree, be predicated from its lineaments, has, we know, been universally granted ever since the time of Lavater—nay, was even asserted by the ancient Greeks, among whom a physiognomist, gave that memorable character of Socrates, which Socrates himself acknowledged to be just. But what we more especially wish to enforce, and which, we think, has not been sufficiently recognized, is the fact that national physiognomy, though always preserving certain broad and general distinc-

tions, varies in different ages, in accordance with the prevailing moral or intellectual tendency of the time. Most men must have observed, in looking over any collection of portraits of the great men of successive eras, a change in the shape of the head, in the outlines of the features, and in the general expression; and this in the case of individuals belonging to the same nation. The effect is commonly attributed to difference of costume, to a change in the method of arranging the hair, or to the fact of the beard and moustache being worn in some instances and not in others; all of which may be admitted to have an influence in modifying the countenance. But this is not everything; the main distinctions lie deeper. Shave the face of Shakspeare, clapping a powdered wig upon his head, and he would no more look like the men of the Georgian era—even the most intellectual of them—than an Englishman could be made to look like a native of China by being dressed in the costume of that country. It is not merely that there is no man of an equal degree of intellect, with Shakspeare; the distinction is in kind still more than in amount. The architecture of the palace of the soul has changed, and the soul itself looks through its windows with a different glance.

Let the reader, then, cast back his mind as far as the time of Chaucer, about five hundred years ago; and let him contemplate the portrait of that truly great poet as engraved by Vertue from the rough sketch drawn by the poet's own friend, Occleve. He will here see a face of the noblest kind—a head beautifully built and proportioned, and therefore in perfect harmony with itself in all its component parts; oval, greater in length than breadth, and with the broadest part at the top—that is to say, in the region of the brain; the forehead broad, smooth, and high, the nose straight and sensitive, and the mouth and lower part of the face neither brutalized into an animal-like thickness, nor starved into an ascetic rigidity which denies its own humanity as completely as it refuses to sympathize with that of others. We have here, in short, the face of a poet and a humanist, which Chaucer emphatically was; but we have also some characteristics which mark the age to which the poet belonged. That era was either military or monkish; and, although Chaucer was a Wickliffite, and fiercely satirised the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church, he had a great deal of the good part of the monkish character in him—the love of cloistered learning and meditative leisure. It is probable, also, that he clung to a belief in saintly miracles; for we find several of those stories in the *Canterbury Tales*, placed, it is true, in the mouths of ecclesiastics, but told apparently with perfect faith on the part of the author, and not with any

under current of involuntary satiric laughter. At any rate, he had that love of bodily indolence combined with mental activity which distinguished the better order of monks. This is plainly visible in his portrait. The eyes are intensely abstracted; looking physically upon the ground, but spiritually into the wide air of thought.

What man art thou?

Thou lookest as thou woldest find an hare;
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare,

He seemeth elvish by his countenance;
For unto no wight doth he daliance.

Thus did Chaucer describe himself. It is true the host expresses surprise at his appearance; but this probably was because he could not throw off his abstraction even in the midst of company. We cannot but think that the intellectual men of the time of Chaucer must have presented the same air of secluded and dreamy meditation, though doubtless they lacked the poetical element of his face. They were chiefly of the clergy; and a certain meek, abstracted set of head and countenance are a part of the education of a Catholic priest to this day.

Unfortunately, there are few portraits of Chaucer's period; so that we are constrained to take a solitary instance. The pictures of the kings of the time rest, we believe, upon no good authority; and are so idealized and smoothed down to one level of romantic prettiness, with the uniform crown and sceptre and robes, that it is impossible to deduce any philosophical meaning from them. We will therefore pass on to the time of Elizabeth.

The great men of that era (which, for the sake of conciseness, we will assume as lasting into the reign of Charles the First), exhibit in a marked degree the leading intellectual characteristics which then predominated. The country's mind had changed materially since the days of Chaucer. Popery, as a political power and an undisputed popular belief, was dead. The monastic system of life, and the ecclesiastical tendency of mind, had vanished. Roman Catholicism existed only as a persecuted, irreligious sect, fiercely contending with its new foe; and had thus acquired a degree of energy very different from its former languid diffusion. The great wind of the Reformation had tossed the dead waters into tumultuous life; and the germ of every element of modern England began then for the first time to quicken. It was an age of awakening intellect, of aroused secular life, shaking itself free from the long sleep of priestly domination,—an age of healthy physical existence, and of large brain; of intense, warm, sensuous perception of all shades of character and all moods of the rich heart of man,—an age, emphatically, of

deep human sympathy (we speak of its intellect, not its actions), yet of a sympathy which did not end with man, but mounted, flame-like, towards the heavens,—an age that was like a new birth to the world; proud with its young strength, exultant in its great future, yet flushed and gorgeous with the sunset splendor of the past. And all this is reflected in the faces of its poets, philosophers, and statesmen. The oval form of the skull remains; the broad, grand forehead, keeping the lower parts of the face in subjection, yet not insolently domineering over them, is still found; but the monastic element has given place to the secular. These men live in large cities; they trade and manufacture; they write plays and act them; they investigate science; they question Aristotle, as well as beard the Pope; they print books, and colonize distant regions; they have doubts touching the divine right of kings; they send forth navies on voyages of discovery; they have a Royal Exchange for merchants; they are men of wealth and substance, and not vassals. Imagination, dramatic sympathy with life, and independence of intellect, are the distinguishing characteristics of the faces of that age. Spenser's countenance, indeed, had much of the dreamy abstraction of Chaucer's, which was natural in one who dwelt so often in enchanted land, but Shakespeare and his brother dramatists, and Bacon, Sidney, Raleigh, and the other great intellects of the time, have a clear, open, daylight look, combined with profound thought and cautious sensitiveness, which is almost peculiar to the age to which they belonged.

With the Civil Wars of the reign of Charles the First, another modification occurred. Glance at the portraits of the chief republican and religious innovators of that magnificent and glorious period, and you will find them either overshadowed with the melancholy which generally attends on the leaders of any great movement in a new direction, or roughened with that bluntness, both of features and expression, which indicates a firm resolution to abide, at all hazards, by a principle; the difference being of course determined by individual temperament. The former character of physiognomy is even found among the royalists; with many of whom, devotion to the sovereign, though carried to a preposterous and criminal extent, arose out of a high religious feeling. Charles himself had a remarkably beautiful and harmonious face: quiet, intellectual, melancholy; a commentary upon his affectionate domesticities, and a strange and painful contradiction to his treacherous and heartless public life. Milton, in his calm, sculptural ideality, almost transcends the limits of classification; but take the portrait of that true-hearted republican soldier and real gentleman, Colonel

Hutchinson, and you will see a sort of epitome of the great struggle between king and people in all its heroism, its lofty aspirations, and its sad necessities. It is the face of a man of enthusiasm, of devotedness, of over-mastering conscience; a lover of his kind, yet a stern abider by abstract truth. How touching and noble is the physiognomy of this brave yet gentle soldier, as, attired in full armor, except the helmet, he looks with mournful, prophetic eyes over the sea of blood which he knows is about to cover his green land; ready to sympathize as a human being with every man, of whichever side, who may be slain, yet resolved to face those miseries, and to run the risk of death to himself, for the sake of his country's future! We mean no disparagement to Colonel Hutchinson's appearance, when we say that his portrait comes nearer than anything we have yet seen to our conception of Don Quixote: that beautiful and pathetic ideal of heroic honor and non-selfishness, whom popular misapprehension regards as a mere buffoon. It is not unreasonable to suppose that such faces were common in the stern, sad times of two centuries ago; but who sees them now? You might search through the whole expeditionary army of the East, and find no such thing. Of course, however, there were exceptions in the times we speak of, and even among the men of intellect and the party-writers. Cowley, with his long locks, and somewhat fat face, looks like an indolent, happy man of letters—a wise epicurean, as he was; and Andrew Marvell, the honest politician, caustic satirizer of kingly abuses, and exquisite poet, has the appearance of a handsome young courtier, with a touch of troubadour romance. But he conducts us into the reign of Charles the Second, and into another phase of face.

The levity which followed the Restoration was, in a great measure, a natural and necessary reaction upon the vicious gloom of Puritanism; and had something of good humor and charitable consideration mixed with it, which rendered the depravity itself not wholly depraved. An excellent exemplification of this may be seen in the handsome, cheerful face of Wycherley, and in those of several other of the wits of that brilliant era. But there is no deep feeling, no profound and heaven-ward intellect; a scintillating brightness rather than a broad and steady light. Men had now advanced, also, into the effeminate region of the totally shaven visage. The beard seems to have vanished about the time of the Civil Wars; but the moustache held its own until the Restoration, when France (from whom we are now re-deriving the more sensible custom of following nature) dictated to our fashionable bloods the general use of the razor.

A marked change came over our national

character, and therefore over our national physiognomy, after the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. Then commenced the era of cool, sober sense; of newly acquired constitutionalism; of the modern spirit of energetic, practical life, and of the preponderance of the mercantile or shop interest. Poetry, enthusiasm, devotedness to grand abstract principles at whatever cost, religious mysticism, and pervading spirituality, had departed from the faces of all men, great or little; and instead thereof was a calm, shrewd cleverness, or a comfortable domesticity. The shape of the head, too, had greatly deteriorated. It was beginning to get round, and its outline was often blurred by the overlapping of flabby integument. Still, the face of this period was a fine face upon the whole, and infinitely superior to that of the next age; but we begin to see the animalizing effects of habits of intemperance creeping slowly upwards from the enlarging jaw. Look at the portrait of Dryden. Intellect sits clearly and brightly on the broad brow and penetrating eyes; but the mouth, though full of expression, is thick and pulpy. And this tendency of face, which the airy wit of the period of Anne kept in check, advanced with rapid strides during the debased times of the Georges.

One or two fine heads, belonging to the preceding age, still lingered: that of Pope, for instance, is exquisitely formed, full of thought and sensitiveness, and with noble poetic eyes, and only wants the presence of health to be exceedingly handsome. But there were few faces such as his; and the reason may be found in the rapid deterioration of our national intellect and manners. Sensualism, of the grossest and most unsympathetic kind, became the rule of life. Excessive eating and drinking utterly extinguished, beneath its dullness, the fine flame of spirituality; and intellect itself, with a few exceptions, became hard, bony, and mechanical. The swinishness of our manners fixed its mark upon our features. The shape of the head was an irregular round, larger at the bottom than at the top; the brow thick, low, and sloping backward; the nose coarse and big; the mouth fleshy, lax, ponderous, and earthy. When the countenance was not of this character, it was poor, mean, and sharp. A really fine face was scarcely to be met with. Even the greatest man of that period—Washington—does not come up to any very high standard. The features are humane and intelligent; but they are deficient in grandeur; they have not that individuality by which you at once recognize the man of genius. The countenance is that of some worthy merchant who has made his fortune in the ordinary way; not that of the hero who has emancipated a nation and founded a galaxy of states. It wants largeness, profundity,

enthusiasm—the consciousness of great design to be accomplished in spite of any obstacle, and to fill the world with echoes of undying fame. The wig seems too important a part of it. A somewhat insipid placidity of expression stands in place of the daring and energy which you expected. You do not see that entire devotion to a cause—that absolute self-absorption in one dominant idea—that out-looking into the heaven of some majestic inspiration—which is the characteristic of all men of original conceptions, affecting the society in which they move. But the age was not a far-seeing one. It looked only to itself, and labored no farther than to meet its present requirements. It possessed neither the religious zeal of the Cromwellian period and Cromwellian men, nor the faith in human advancement of our own era. Its spirit was that of the simplest utilitarianism; unconsciously working for the future, it is true (as all ages must), but not sublimated by those ideas of progress and a possible ultimate perfection which agitate the present times, and open before them depth after depth of unfathomable promise.

The degeneration of physiognomy continued until after the outbreak of the French Revolution. The advent of that bloody phantom, walking about in the noonday, startled the minds of all men into a more useful and reverent recognition of the spiritualities of life, and warned them that there was something else in the world besides an easy self-indulgence, seasoned with school maxims of conventional morality. From that time men's faces went on improving—that is to say, reverted to the fine standard of the Elizabethan period; and in the present day, our personal appearance is much more like that of the men whom Shakspeare saw, than it was a century, or even sixty years ago. "We believe," remarks the Athenæum writer, "that a better type of physiognomy is beginning to appear: the face grows more oval, the forehead higher and fuller, the lips smaller and firmer, the nose nobler and straighter. Most of our living authors present much more of the Elizabethan type. Should the beard-movement prosper (which may Heaven and good sense direct!) this similarity will be still more obvious, although the resemblance goes much farther than an affair of externals.

It may perhaps be laid down as a general rule, that whenever one's observation is mainly, and first of all, attracted towards the lower parts of a face, that face is bad; and whenever the reverse, that the face is good. The mouth has its legitimate part to play, and is a beautiful feature when well formed; but the theoretical principle, which alone makes the human face divine, holds its chief residence in the forehead and eyes. All other parts should be subsidiary to the ever-informing soul.

From Chambers's Journal.

CONFLICT BETWEEN LAND AND WATER.

THERE is something peculiar about the appearance of the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk. The land and the sea have evidently been at war one with the other. The sea, sometimes the aggressor, has seized and taken away a portion of that which once belonged to the land; while the land, as if in retaliation, now occupies spots which were once covered by the sea. There is an apparent contradiction here; but it is only apparent, for both classes of phenomena are resultants of one cause.

It might not be that a sojourner on any one part of this coast could obtain full evidence of these conflicting processes; but a comparing of notes might throw much light on the matter. We will first speak of the encroachment of the sea on the land.

In most instances where a coast is gradually worn away, this is produced by the action of tides, waves, and currents; sometimes one of these only, sometimes two or all. The eastern coast of Britain is exposed to a remarkable action in this respect, owing to a curious double tide which prevails there. At most ports, as we well know, the tide rolls in from the ocean, and rolls out again after high-water; but on the eastern coast, this rolling-in comes from two quarters at once. When the tidal current from the Atlantic reaches the Land's End, it divides into two,—one branch proceeds northward, and winds round Scotland into the German Ocean; while the other travels eastward along the English Channel, and turns up to the north after passing through the Straits of Dover. These two tidal currents meet, but the larger course takes the longer time; and the combined and alternate action of the two produce a peculiar rubbing motion against the coast, calculated to wear down-cliffs, and to give a smooth outline to the sea-board.

There is abundant proof that portions of Norfolk and Suffolk, once inhabited and flourishing, are now buried beneath the sea. In more northern parts of the island, where the coast is stern and iron-bound, the destructive action has exhibited itself in other ways. In the Shetlands,—composed of hard rock,—steep cliffs have been hollowed into caves and arches; passages have been worn through the hardest rock; rugged islands have been formed, and huge masses of stone have been torn from their beds, and hurled to surprising distances. On the eastern coast of Scotland, where there is less rocky cliff, the destruction has come home more immediately to the handiwork of man. At Findhorn, an old town has been carried away; in Kincardineshire, the village of Mathers was carried away in a sin-

gle night, in 1795; at Arbroath, houses and gardens have disappeared within the memory of those now living; and the light-houses at the mouth of the Tay had to be carried further inland, because the sea was approaching. On the Northumberland and Lincolnshire coasts, equally strange movements have been and are still going on. In an old map of Yorkshire, we find the villages of Auburn, Hatburn, and Hyde, at spots where are now nothing but sand-banks covered with water at high-tide. Sir George Head, in his "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts," gives a graphic, almost painfully graphic, description of a church-yard in Yorkshire, which is at this present moment being eaten away by the sea. The dead bones are first exposed, and then they are washed out, and then they fall upon the beach below; each year doing something towards the destruction of a pretty grave-yard which was once a mile or more inland.

In the portion of coast south of Yorkshire, Norfolk and Suffolk exhibit the effects of the wearing action more decidedly than Lincolnshire, which is so low that it may be said to have been flooded rather than abraded. Cromer is "looking up," as a sort of pleasure-town; but the real original Cromer has long ago been swallowed up by the sea, and the present town is only a substitute. Shipden, Whimwell, and Eccles,—all old towns on the Norfolk coast,—are not now to be found. At Sheringham, between Cromer and Wells, the progress of the sea has been singularly marked and definite. In 1805, an inn was built at that place, and it was supposed, from the known progress of the sea, that the house might last about seventy years before it was attacked; for it was seventy yards from the coast, and the destruction was estimated at about a yard per annum. But the rate of wearing afterwards increased, and by 1829, the sea approached very near indeed to the inn. The Sheringham of to-day is not the Sheringham of old. That is gone,—swallowed up by Neptune; and perhaps Sheringham the new may go likewise, unless protective works be executed. For it may be worth while to observe, that if there is a judicious arrangement of breakwaters, or rows of stakes carried out into the sea, there may be formed accumulations of sand along the bottom of the cliff; and this sand, when a peculiar kind of binding-grass has grown upon it, will tend to preserve the cliff from the destructive action of the waves. Corton, Pakefield, Dunwich, Aldborough, Bawdsey, on the Suffolk coast,—all have suffered in a similar way. As for Dunwich, it appears to be two miles from the site of the original Dunwich. The town of Orwell lives only in tradition,—nothing more. Twenty years ago, Sir Charles Lyell warned the in-

habitants of Harwich, that if they go on doing as they have hitherto done and now do, they will find themselves some morning on a little island. He thinks the sea is cutting a channel across the isthmus which connects the peninsula of Harwich with the main land; and that by selling for cement the stones which roll down upon the beach, the inhabitants are hastening that process; for the stones, if left alone might act for sometime as a sort of breakwater or shield.

But what of Yarmouth and Lowestoft? Here, at any rate, there are no great indications of wearing away; indeed, the enormous accumulations of sand tell of a reverse process. When, a few weeks ago, we witnessed a holiday review of the East Norfolk Militia on the South Denes at Yarmouth, we could not but think of the strangeness of the fact, that this spot had been stolen from the sea; whereas, in most other parts of the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, the sea is steadily and irresistibly stealing from the land. The two processes, however, as we have stated, are joint results of one cause. The waves, and tides, and currents carry away the cliffs from the towns named in the earlier part of this article. But whither do they carry them? The shattered fragments must go somewhere; and it depends upon a number of local circumstances, how and where the deposition shall take place. Near the mouths of the rivers, such as the Yare, there are reasons which would lead one to suspect that such deposition might take place there. If a tidal current is carrying its load of spoil, its fragments stolen from a cliff elsewhere, and if it meets a river-current at right angles, it may be made to drop its burden; and thus a sand-bank might grow up just opposite the mouth of the river. That some such process has been going on at Yarmouth, is plain enough; and the good people of that town make all their commercial and social arrangements in conformity with the plan thus marked out for them by the currents and tides.

The three towns of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft are worth a few days' visit, irrespective of their own points of attraction, on account of their relative positions in respect to the sea. Considering the strangely flat, marshy district separating the three towns, there seems much reason to believe that it was once sea. The three rivers, Yare, Bure, and Waveney, which find a common outlet at Yarmouth, present such fantastic twistings and twinings, that there can be little doubt that changes have occurred hereabout in the relative distribution of land and water. It is believed that the Yare was once an arm of the sea up to Norwich, the Bure another arm up to Aylsham, and the Waveney another up to Bungay. At any rate, it is pretty evident

that there was once sea where is now green, swampy meadow. If any crotchety traveller, in search of the dull and unpicturesque, should find himself on the Norwich and Yarmouth Railway, we would warrant his contentment. The moiety of the railway nearer to Norwich brings in view a few pretty bits of scenery; but as we approach Reedham and its marshes, good-bye to all prettinesses. From thence to Yarmouth is an unmitigated flat, with a house or two, apparently surprised to find themselves set down in such a place, and half-a-dozen cows and horses, which look as if they would get their feet wet and catch cold. Nor is the railway route from Norwich to Lowestoft—identical with the former as to the distance between Reedham and Norwich—much more varied and picturesque; for it follows in part the course of the supposed arm of the sea represented by the present river Waveney.

Norwich is an interesting old city,—interesting for its fine cathedral, and for its connection with the worsted and silk manufactures; but we are just now visiting it with an eye directed to other features. If the river Yare were really at one time an arm of the sea, with Norwich in the innermost nook, Norwich must have occupied a fine position; for there are sufficient bold elevations to give marked and striking scenes. The question is, Have these changes in land and water occurred since man took possession of the region? We know nothing of Norwich until the earlier incursions of the Danes. The city appears to have risen gradually from the decay of Caister, once a British, and then a Roman town, but now an inconsiderable village, about three miles south-east of Norwich. Some think, that in the time of the Romans,—others think, so late as the Normans,—the lower parts of the present Norwich were under water, studded here and there with islands. The elevation whereon the castle is built, must, in those days, have been either a promontory or an island; and, in either case, it must have offered a tempting site for castle-builders.

As matters now stand at Norwich, the streets are evidently set up and framed in accordance with the castle elevation on the one hand, and with the river on the other. The river is called the Wensum until it has passed through Norwich; after which, it receives the name of the Yare, or rather it falls into the Yare. The Wensum performs all sorts of queer antics in its passage through the town, curving and winding in serpentine course,—now flowing south, now north, now south-west, now north-east. The town is mostly built on one side of this river; but as it is gradually extending on the other, the bridges over the river have become very numerous, and these bridges point in almost every direction of the

compass. As for the streets, what can be said of them? Did any mortal ever see such a labyrinth? Did any stranger ever succeed in finding his way through them without a guide? We have a pretty good acquaintance with English towns, from Harwich in the east, to Plymouth in the west; from Berwick in the north, to Brighton in the south; but we know of nothing that can compare with Norwich for crooked streets. The only principle of arrangement discoverable seems to be this: that no two streets shall be at right angles.

If Norwich has received any of its peculiarities of position from the existence of land where once was water, Yarmouth is, as we observed in an earlier paragraph, still more dependant on a similar cause. We must endeavor to convey an idea of this remarkable town,—a town unlike any other in England.

The river Yare, after running eastward through Norfolk, seems to have been checked in its course when within half a mile of the sea; it bends suddenly to the south, and flows parallel to the sea for three or four miles, when at length it finds an outlet. There can hardly be a doubt that it once flowed direct into the sea; that the mouth became gradually choked up with sand; that the river wended southward in search of a new outlet; and that this outlet itself travelled further and further southward. The Yare brings with it the waters of the Waveney; and just at the point where the deflection takes place, the Bure also joins it; so that all three rivers are affected by this change of outlet. The metamorphoses of the district seem first to have converted three arms of the sea into three rivers, and then to have driven the three poor rivers about in search of an outlet.

Now, it is just at this remarkable spot that Yarmouth has been built. The town has the sea on the east, and the river on the west. Yarmouth has thus a sort of double façade, so to speak; a west front towards the river, and an east front towards the sea. The east front is irregular and straggling, for it is greatly at the mercy of the sands; but the west front can boast of a quay far superior to those ordinarily to be met with. Indeed, there are those who say that there is not such another quay in Europe, except at Marseilles. Be this as it may, a quay three-quarters of a mile in length, more than a hundred feet in width, and planted with trees along a great part of its length, is a possession of which townsmen may well be a little proud. It is, however, the other side of Yarmouth which best exhibits the dependance of the town on the changes between sea and land. What a wilderness of sand it is! Near the southern extremity of the town, new streets and houses have been built further and further towards the sea; and a jetty, fishermen's

stands, ship-owners' look-outs, and maritime mans, have been built; but north and south of this point, the houses keep at a respectful distance from the water-side. And good reason is there for this. The sand is fine, soft, and of great depth. The foot sinks in at every step, so as to render walking tiresome. The sand is not quite flat, but presents a sort of billowy surface. We should imagine that if a man wanted to dust his jacket, he could not do better than go upon Yarmouth sands during a windy day. That wind is more plentiful there than water, seems to be shown by the numerous wind-mills dotted hither and thither on the more consolidated portions of sand. Beyond the northern limits of the town, the sands are called the North Denes; while beyond the southern limits we meet with the South Denes. The South Denes and Yarmouth town, together occupy the tongue of land lying between the river and the sea. On the South Denes, a little scanty grass has grown, and a barrack, a gas-work, a battery or two, a race-course, and a Nelson monument, have been formed; but its general area is bare, and wholly unoccupied. At the southern end of this tongue, the river bends sharply round and enters the sea; while at the spot where the South Denes may be said to join the town, Yarmouth is trying to polish itself up to the dignity of watering-place celebrity, by the fashioning of a holiday-pier, a terrace, a marine parade, a parade hotel, baths, beach-walks and terrace-walks, etc.

The effect of its curious location upon the trade of Yarmouth is worth noticing. No harbor, no quay, no basin, no landing-pier, enables ships to draw up to the shore on the sea-side of Yarmouth. All the ordinary trading vessels enter at the river's mouth, two or three miles south of the town, and proceed upwards to the quay on the west side of the town. The beach and the sea-side are the domain of the fishermen. The vessels which bring herrings and mackerel, anchor at half a mile or so from the beach, and boatmen go out to bring the fish from the vessels to the shore. This is altogether a bustling scene, on a fine morning in the fishing season. We lately saw sixty or eighty mackerel-boats all ranged along at one time. The beachmen were busily at work, rowing their clumsy but roomy boats out to sea, and bringing back the mackerel in baskets. No sooner were they landed, than the vessel-owners made their appearance. The fish were taken out and counted; and the beachmen received—or were to receive—payment according to the number they brought ashore. The bargain between the vessel-owner and his crew is managed in another way, and at a different time. Dealers and salesmen are on the look-out to purchase the best fish as they make their appearance; and then salesmen, acting

on behalf of the vessel-owners, put up to auction the remaining fish, which are sold at just what they will fetch, be it high or low. Sold they must be, and are, even for a "song." Dealers of a humbler class range themselves round the open-air auctioneer, and make or withhold their biddings according as their judgment or their pockets may dictate. No want of flowery language on the part of the salesmen, be sure of this. We heard one of them declare that the mackerel he was selling "tasted like hung-beef, and smelt like v'lets,"—qualities which we should scarcely have supposed to be exactly fishlike; but this may only be proof of our ignorance.

A few lines about Lowestoft and we have done:—

Lowestoft, the third of the towns connected with the singular delta-shaped district we have endeavored to describe, although a coast-town, has properly no river actually belonging to it. The town lies about ten miles south of Yarmouth; and between the two there is a considerable length of singular sand-cliff, exhibiting many proofs of the peculiar tide-action of the sea. Between Lowestoft and the sea, as between Yarmouth and the sea, the accumulation of sand is enormous,—deep, rolling, apparently endless masses of the finest and most penetrating sand.

Until joint-stock enterprise took the matter in hand, Lowestoft had no water-communica-

tion with Norwich; but the river Waveney, in its winding course towards Yarmouth, came within three or four miles of Lowestoft; and the ponds called Oulton Broad and Lake Lothing intervened. By engineering-works, executed at various times, the Yare has been connected with the Waveney by a canal; the Waveney with the ponds by a canal; the ponds have been deepened, a cut into the sea has been made, and a capital little harbor formed out seaward, with walls, and piers, and quays, and warehouses, and railways, adequate to a very respectable amount of business. A steamship company has been established, to run steamers across from Lowestoft to Denmark; and this maritime trade, with the repairing establishment of the company, is creating quite a new town, entirely southward of Lowestoft proper. Southward, again, of the harbor and railway is another new town,—Lowestoft the fashionable, with such a hotel, and such a terrace, as would make some of our old watering-places stare, if such places can stare. We are inclined to think, that unless Yarmouth puts on its best and does its best, it may be thrown behind a cloud by Lowestoft, one of these days. However, we need not predict. Both have done wonders in combating the strange marshes which lie westward of them, and the still stranger sands which lie eastward.

FALLING OF ICE.—"Whilst at dinner in this situation they frequently heard a very loud rumbling noise, not unlike loud, but distant thunder; similar sounds had often been heard when the party was in the neighborhood of large bodies of ice, but they had not before been able to trace the cause. They now found the noise to originate from immense ponderous fragments of ice breaking off from the higher parts of the main body, and falling from a very considerable height, which in one instance produced so violent a shock, that it was sensibly felt by the whole party, although the ground on which they were was at least two sagues from the spot where the fall of ice had taken place.—VANCOUVER.

AFRICAN SALT LAKE.—"On the evening of the seventeenth we encamped on the verdant bank of a beautiful lake, in the midst of a wood of frutescent plants. It was of an oval form, about three miles in circumference. On the western side was a shelving bank of green turf, and round the other parts of the basin, the ground rising more abruptly, and to a greater height, was covered thickly with the same kind of arboreous and succulent plants as had been observed to grow most commonly in the thickets of the adjoining country. The water was perfectly clear, but salt as brine. It was one of those salt water lakes which abound in Southern Africa, where they are called *Zout pans* by the colonists. This

it seems, is the most famous in the country, and is resorted to by the inhabitants from very distant parts of the colony, for the purpose of procuring salt for their own consumption, or for sale. It is situated on a plain of considerable elevation above the level of the sea. The greatest part of the bottom of the lake was covered with one continued body of salt, like a sheet of ice, the crystals of which were so united that it formed a solid mass as hard as rock. The margin, or shore of the basin, was like the sandy beach of the sea-coast, with sand-stone and quartz pebbles thinly scattered over it, some red, some purple, and others gray. Beyond the narrow belt of sand the sheet of salt commenced with a thin porous crust, increasing in thickness and solidity as it advanced towards the middle of the lake. The salt that is taken out for use is generally broken up with picks, where it is about four or five inches thick, which is at no great distance from the margin of the lake. The thickness in the middle is not known, a quantity of water generally remaining in that part. The dry south-easterly winds of summer agitating the water of the lake produce on the margin a fine, light, powdery salt, like flakes of snow. This is equally beautiful as the refined salt of England, and is much sought after by the women, who always commission their husbands to bring home a quantity of snowy salt for the table.—*Barrow's Interior of Southern Africa.*

CHINESE NEWSPAPER IN CALIFORNIA.—A Chinese newspaper has been established in California, under the title of *Kin-chen-ji-sin-lou*, which signifies *The Gold-mine Journal*. It is lithographed in four pages, and divided into columns, commencing at the right hand of the top of what with us would be the last page, as is usual with the Eastern writings. It opens with an address from the editor, setting forth the design of the journal, and soliciting subscriptions and advertisements. Besides these, commercial news and articles of intelligence likely to interest the Chinese are noted. An eminent Chinese scholar of Paris, who has examined the newspaper, says that it displays talent and industry, but is not written in the choicest language or most elegant style.

MANCHESTER DRUNKEN RETURNS.—In *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 485, when comparing the drunkenness of great cities, the writer lets off Manchester too easily—and no wonder. In Glasgow and Liverpool, a drunken man, however quiet, is at once laid hold of by the police, and marched off to the office, to be out of harm's way; whereas in Manchester, unless actually riotous, he is allowed to find his way home. But this is not all: in the last-mentioned city, even if his condition is so suspicious as to cause his apprehension, he must be convicted and sent to

prison, otherwise his name will not appear in the list of drunken people. This is sufficient to explain the difference in the drunken returns. A city like Manchester, where it was recently proved that out of a population of 315,000 souls, 214,000 visits were made to the public-house on a single Sunday, is hardly entitled to be held forth as an example of comparative sobriety!

POWER OF DARKNESS OVER ANIMALS.—Dolomieu says that during the annular eclipse of the sun in 1764, the agitation and cries of domestic animals continued for a great part of the time, notwithstanding its light was not more diminished by it than it would have been by the interposition of a dark thick cloud: the difference of the heat of the atmosphere was scarcely sensible. What impression, then, he asks, can animals have of the nature of the body which eclipses the sun? How are they able to divine that it is a different circumstance from the sun's being veiled by a cloud which intercepts the light? — *Note to Dissertation on the Earthquakes in Calabria.*

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT HOPE?—It is remarkable that, in the Tamul language, there is no word for *hope*.—*Niecamp*, vol. i, 10. § 16, Note.

CHAPTER VI.

TIME the destroyer, time the comforter; time pulled down, and time built up; and time passed over our heads at the Priory, much the same as elsewhere. We buried our dead out of our sight, clad ourselves in the insignia of mourning, and reverently remarked at intervals his vacant place with silent, but sorrowful gestures. The increased gravity and thoughtfulness of Mr. Avenel's manner seemed natural under the circumstances; while Clare, in tearless silence, resumed her daily habits, though her countenance portrayed the ravages of anxiety and bodily suffering. She repulsed, with singular coldness, all attempts on my part to console or sympathize; and to poor Miss Peveril's gentle wailing, she turned a deaf ear. Towards her sick child, my sister exhibited unusual tenderness; but the boy made no sign of returning the newly-demonstrated interest of his mother, meekly and passively enduring, and only enduring, her changed demeanor towards him. Jocelin had become Mr. Avenel's especial care—the sacred bequest of a dying father; for Mr. Paulet, ere he breathed his last, had received the solemn assurance of his early friend, never to desert the afflicted child, so long as care and watchfulness were required.

Miss Peveril informed me that, in the event of Jocelin's decease, my sister would succeed to the whole of her late husband's property, without control or hindrance:—"And," added the old lady, sobbing gently, "that poor boy is the last of the noble Paulets, I much fear me, and with him

the race becomes extinct. Alas! alas! how calamity hath overshadowed this dwelling. I could almost find it in my heart to recommend Clare, if she is doomed to be left childless, to bequeath it to the service of the church, for the precincts are hallowed, of a surety, and we have no right here."

"Why not give that advice, my dear Miss Peveril, even if God spares our young friend's life, and permits him to attain manhood?" said Mr. Avenel, softly, he having entered without our knowledge, and overhearing the conversation; "there will be enough for him, and to spare, without these estates, which formerly were so differently destined."

"Well, I am sure I am very willing to give my Clare the advice; only she does not always exactly like to be advised," responded Miss Peveril; "perhaps, Mr. Avenel, when she hears your opinion it may influence her. In short, I have no doubt it will."

The slightest shade of color mounted to Mr. Avenel's brow, and momentarily he hesitated in embarrassment ere replying—it was but a moment—"On no account, Miss Peveril, would I wish my opinion canvassed, more especially as the child, so deservedly dear to us all, may yet, with God's blessing, survive to judge and act for himself, when he attains years of discretion."

Mr. Avenel's manner froze me; its severity and gravity never relaxed; and though a gleam of tenderness in his eyes sometimes met mine, yet he appeared to keep guard over such betrayals of human weakness, and to set his face towards the task before him, with self-denying earnest-

ness. It was not in the house of mourning he would abandon himself to the sweets of human affection; it was not when all his energies were concentrated on the afflicted child, so solemnly committed to his care, that Mark Avenel would permit himself to speak or dream of human passion. His unwearied care of our spiritual welfare never flagged, never relaxed; he inspired me with awe, yet sometimes there was a touch of tenderness in his tone towards me, alone, which reassured and sustained my sinking heart: for I knew myself beloved. I would have given worlds to know if Clare saw this too; if she had remarked Mr. Avenel's manner when addressing me; if, in short she had any idea that he intended to ask me to become his wife! Clare never mentioned his name—we were seldom together now, for she purposely avoided my companionship and preferred solitude, or devoted herself, exclusively, to Jocelin, endeavoring to promote the poor boy's amusement and comfort, with unwearied diligence and perseverance. I wished Clare to know that Mark Avenel evinced a preference for me; yet would I sooner have died than given utterance to such a supposition, for supposition it unquestionably was, when he had not made an open avowal of affection in words. Why I wished Clare to be aware of the existing state of my feelings, was an enigma I could not solve, for it was beyond the natural desire of seeking a confidant in an only sister. The inner life afforded no clue to those mysterious misgivings and apprehensions which nevertheless haunted me, sleeping and waking. Months passed away thus; Jocelin began to sink more rapidly, and my sister became more engrossed, calling in further medical advice, in the vain hope to save the life which she now appeared to hold so dear, and clung to with wild tenacity. Mr. Avenel's manner towards Clare partook more of brotherly friendship than heretofore; he was evidently grateful and well pleased with her devotion to her child; and, as the revered widow of his chosen and lamented friend, he rejoiced that her heart was in its right place at length—her duty fulfilled as a tender mother. They were much thrown together; and, though Clare was still reserved, cold, and stately, there was a kindling in her eye, and a mantling suffusion on her cheek, which imparted animation to a countenance which I had hitherto regarded as expressionless as if chiselled from marble. I do not remember how I first noted the change in Mr. Avenel's deportment and appearance; pale he had always been, careworn, and serious. But there was something beyond this now; and a reproachful expression in his eye whenever they encountered mine, which astonished and wounded me. Courteous, uniformly, kind and gentle, yet the shade of alteration, imperceptible to all others but myself, alarmed and distressed me. That Mr. Avenel, in some unaccountable manner, was displeased with me, I doubted not; but to ask him the reason, when he did not first speak, was utterly revolting to all maidenly delicacy and womanly reserve. The voice, once lowered to a whisper when addressing me, now assumed its usual tone; and, like an ice-bolt, the knowledge fell on my chilled heart, that the

passion I had inspired him with was extinct, or else crushed down with a strong relentless hand forever. Yet, why that reproachful look—reproachful to agony! What had I done to merit this, I who loved him to such sinful excess! But he withdrew, and entrenched himself so completely in polite reserve, that a far bolder maiden than me might have wanted presence of mind sufficient to probe the mystery. He was not infallible, perhaps capricious! Nay, the inner life rejected the unjust charge; and of caprice or levity I never accused him again. My faith in his nobleness and justice never wavered; and, though the blow to self-love was mortal, I finally decided, that he had seen that in me which his better reason disapproved as inimical to married happiness; and, therefore, as unworthy of his love, he displaced me from his noble heart. I attained to this bitter conviction by slow but sure degrees; tortured in spirit, but outwardly exhibiting an air of calmness which defied observation. Woman's delicacy effected this: he rejected me, and I must conceal the deadly pangs his rejection cost. As the child's end drew nigh, so increased my sister's apparent anxiety to prolong his painful existence; she who, in his days of comparative health, had absolutely loathed her offspring! It was inexplicable; and the turnings and windings of the human mind formed a labyrinth to which I found no clue.

"The evil day is drawing nigh," said Miss Peveril, one evening when we were alone together, "when we shall lose our chaplain." I started, in absolute terror, and, with blanched cheeks, essayed to speak. She did not observe these tell-tale signs; she never observed me, but continued speaking as if I was not present. "Yes, we shall lose him, when the last of the noble Paulets is laid in an early grave. He apprised me of his intention to leave us, so soon as his duties are over—his promise to the dead fulfilled."

"Does my sister know Mr. Avenel's intention?" I asked, in a husky, trembling voice.

Miss Peveril looked at me, for a moment, with surprise, replying, "Of course my Clare does. Why, Winny Wardour, is it likely I should know it, if my Clare did not?"

"No, of course," I ejaculated; and the old lady's lamentations and warblings continued for the next hour undisturbed, and might for hours, for time fled by, unmarked by me. My inner life was suggesting such wild vagaries of passion and despair, that when at length I gained the blessed haven of my own chamber, the first impulse was to cast myself on the ground in supplication and prayer. I remembered (at that hour of misery, the memory was sweet) those precious words, "Peace—be still;" the tempest was allayed, and with such weariness as I had been sensible of when a child, after offending and repenting, I sought my pillow. I dreamed that, in perspective, I saw the years to come, sunless, cheerless, hopeless, and yet so young.

When hope departed with the child's breath, my sister's calmness returned; her bright, clear eyes, were tearless, her mein composed; and when she said to me, a few days after the funeral, "I suppose, Winny, you are aware that

our good friend, Mr. Avenel, leaves the Priory immediately," there was such a harsh, grating dissonance in her tone, something so repulsive in her aspect, that with fervent thanks, I thanked God, that to *her* I had never laid bare my inner life. Yet she was my only sister, and what had I to complain of? A look, a tone? Heroically she had borne up against this double bereavement of husband and child; uncomplainingly she had bowed beneath the Almighty's chastening hand. I knew how she had fought against the evil feelings of her human nature, how successfully she had combatted her sinful dislike towards the child of her bosom. And yet, a look, a tone, estranged me from her! Vain would it have been for Clare to caress me now, or to profess undiminished affection; I might have cheated *her* into the belief, that I believed her, but the inner life of my soul revolted at the deceit. No: there was a mysterious barrier betwixt us, which no reasoning power could dispel; I would not overstep it, and yet it was slight as gossamer, and as impalpable!

We saw Mr. Avenel but seldom during the ensuing few days; he was busied in preparations for departure, and in providing for the spiritual welfare of his little flock. The aged pastor undertook his office at the chapel of the Priory, whither resorted the poor of the immediate vicinity. He bade farewell to Miss Peveril, after vespers; he intended setting forth on his journey at an early hour the ensuing morning. I stood by her side alone, for Clare pleaded indisposition, and kept her chamber. Mr. Avenel took my hand, and his voice faltered as he wished me "health and happiness." Happiness! Oh, Father of mercies, who amongst the human family hath known such deep agony as mine, such desolation and wretchedness! For one instant Mark Avenel hesitated; it might be that a sudden pang caused my cheek to pale, or passed athwart my countenance. I could not speak; I felt the faint pressure of his beloved hand for the last time, and the light of my existence had gone. His voice lingered in my ears—as paradise music, it lingered. "Health and happiness," he had wished me; and I prayed for death, and the rest of the grave.

Next day they said he had gone—he was miles away; I should see him no more. Could this dreadful truth be indeed so? Had he thus ruthlessly shipwrecked a loving, trusting heart? Or had I *fancied* that he loved me once? I feared that madness was coming on, and that, in a paroxysm of insanity, I might betray the secret of my soul; my great terror and anguish was, lest I might betray myself. Yet the years that were coming, the long, long, weary years that were coming—what was I to do throughout that heavy time? They pressed upon me, those years that were coming, for on earth I had no hope, and Heaven was forgotten in that season of despair. But He, the All-pitying, had not forgotten *me*; and as a little child he brought me home again, and in my dreams methought the lilacs blossomed, and the good shepherds piped sweet melodies to welcome the weary pilgrim. The sorrow had come, which I knew must come; but delicious

strains of music greeted my ear in the visions of night: from over the distant hills floated the ravishing sounds, and tears came to my relief. I felt assured that God, in his own good time, would clear away the mystery of my life; for there was a mystery in Mark Avenel's proceeding which remained to be cleared up. He was faithful and righteous; my trust in him was undiminished. So I turned to my heavenly Father, and recounted to him my heart-broken memories, besought his pity on my woman's weakness, and entreated his help to strengthen me for the future. I had no hope, no help, save in him. He had left me utterly desolate of earthly comfort or sympathy; He caused me to see how futile it would have been, how impossible, to speak of my lost love and happiness save to him alone!

I did not see Clare for many days after Mark Avenel's departure; and then she emerged from a sick chamber, thinner and paler than of yore, but in all other respects the same. She alluded to her recent illness but once, brought on, she said, by over-exertion, and watching beside little Jocelin.

"You are an angel, my Clare," ejaculated Miss Peveril, "and never think of yourself."

A deep crimson flush overspread my sister's beautiful face, and she avoided meeting my eyes, as with embarrassment she replied, "I do not deserve your praise, Aunt Monica. Any mother would have done what I did, as a matter of course."

"And all for no purpose, my angel, my Clare," sighed Miss Peveril.

"Aunt Monica, listen to me," said my sister impressively, rising and placing her hand on Miss Peveril's shoulder. "Listen to me. Never revert to the past, to our losses, unless you desire to see me instantly quit your side. Let us quite understand this, Aunt Monica; you have plenty of topics to descant on, and need be at no loss for conversation. Now kiss me, and say yes."

"Yes, yes, my darling, my Clare, as you please, as you will; I only hope my tongue may not slip and offend you."

"A slip of the tongue and premeditation are widely different," responded Clare gravely; but we have said enough: now let us change the subject."

Clare's authoritative manner to her aged relative chafed me; but what right had I to interfere? and what could I say if I did? Besides, it was quite natural that my sister desired to avoid such harrowing and sacred themes, as the bereavements she had sustained. The wounds were too fresh to bear handling, however delicate.

Day after day, evening after evening, we three met; and no three strangers could have talked on more commonplace topics. Day after day, week after week, we looked on each others' faces, and round our narrowed circle, without a comment, and without a sigh. Sometimes I was conscious that Clare earnestly regarded me; but she turned away when I observed her, affecting indifference, and only once remarked carelessly, "Do you feel quite well, Winny? You are thinner than you were."

"Quite well, I thank you, Clare," returned I; for in truth I never thought of my health: a long life seemed before me.

For many months I did not hear Mark Avenel's name mentioned; stagnation seemed often to absorb my faculties of thinking. Yet his image was not absent from my mind; nor did I cease to offer up prayers to Heaven for his preservation and welfare.

CHAPTER VII.

During those weary monotonous months, change was, however, progressing in an undercurrent, unseen and unfelt by those who only beheld the smooth surface of the deep, treacherous waters. It was summer prime, when in that beautiful old garden my sister sought me at twilight hour, and, with averted looks, suddenly mentioned that her affairs were now almost settled, and that she had been desirous of speaking to me concerning them for some time. I did not ask what prevented her, but gladly hailed this renewal of something like sisterly confidence.

"I have the comfort of knowing," she said, "that good men, whose judgment is exalted and stable, approve of my resolutions; our friend, Mr. Avenel, is one of these."

She had heard from him, then; where was he? I yearned to ask the questions, but my trembling lips would not frame the words. I merely murmured, "What resolutions, Clare?"

"A resolution to restore these lands to the proper ecclesiastical authorities, for the especial use and behoof of the church, to be appropriated by them in such a manner as may best redound to God's glory, according to their original destination, not permitting the precincts once consecrated (therefore consecrated for ever) to be violated by secular usages. My own fortune, which I inherit from my mother's family, is ample for our wants, for you are my care, Winny; and I wish not to retain possession of the property, which never brought a blessing with it to the Paulet race, despite all poor Aunt Monica's boasting on the subject."

"And does Miss Peveril regard this arrangement with complacency, Clare?" I anxiously inquired.

"She ought to do so, Winny," replied my sister evasively; "for if I am willing to give up the estate, she ought to find comfort from the knowledge we are doing what is right. Besides, the holy and the pure of heart—men whose whole lives are devoted to the service of the sanctuary—bless and forward my wishes. The necessary preliminaries are almost concluded; I alone am to be consulted: and this is certainly our last summer here—our last summer in this fair garden."

She gazed around with a half sigh; but the flowers were more neglected than of yore, and no wonder, when death had been so busy.

Strange and startling were the tidings Clare had imparted: she had brooded over this determination for months, and never divulged it, never confided it to her nearest kin. She had, doubtless, heard from Mr. Avenel, and yet avoided mentioning his name; and now in so unprepared and abrupt a way she made the communication which affected her prospects so ma-

terially. I did not see my sister's heart, but there was One who did; and he judged men by their intentions, by the thoughts and intents of the heart—the human heart, desperately wicked and deceitful above all created things! It was a sacrifice, a noble sacrifice, to offer on the altar of the blessed sanctuary. Was it a self-denying one, offered in singleness and purity of heart, from sincere love to the church, and desire to advance its interests? Thus whispered the still, small voice, to which I could give no reply. No reply! The inner life was torpid; and I shrank in dismay from probing my sister's motives, or passing judgment on her actions.

The intended change soon became openly discussed, and afforded ample topic for conversation, connected with a future residence and preparations for removal. It was clear that Miss Peveril had been schooled to silence, and equally clear that she did not lament the prospect of quitting the Priory; for, since Mr. Paulet's melancholy end, the place had become in a great measure distasteful to her. Again her sweet-toned warblings flowed onwards by the hour together, unheeded and unanswered; she doubtless found pleasure and satisfaction in hearing her own voice, as with closed eyes, and reclining on her luxurious couch, she prosed and sighed, and sighed and prosed. It was to Clare's judgment and decision every one deferred. She spoke, indeed, of consulting Miss Peveril on all occasions, but the latter was a child in my sister's hands, and as easily led and swayed. It was finally settled, that we were to fix our abode at the pleasant watering place of T—, where a small freehold property, belonging to Miss Peveril, was unoccupied, and ready for our reception.

Miss Peveril had resided formerly at T—, and was partial to it; she described Violet Bank (the name of her little domain) as a most desirable and unique residence; quite shut out from the busy world, and yet in the centre of a moving and animated scene. Although I watched my sister with anxiety, I could not discern that a regret escaped her at the prospect of bidding adieu for ever to the ancestral seat of her late husband's family. She had resolved on a bold and unusual step, cast fortune from her as of secondary import, and, with apparent ease and freedom, overcame every difficulty and obstruction, consulting no visible agent, yet acting on the highest authority and advice. I looked forward without hope to change of scene: all places were alike to me; I had a regular routine of smiles and acts to go through daily, the courtesies and duties of outward life to fulfil, and the inner life of memory to feed on in my loneliness. The world appeared to me as one vast stage, whereon I had a part to act, escaping observation as much as possible. I no longer felt young, for my heart was wearied and exhausted with passion and pain, and no second spring could bloom again for me on earth. I had read and heard of second love, and I did not doubt that many individuals had owned its power, but they were differently constituted to me, for all the force of my nature had been expended at one venture, and struck down, shivered to atoms; there was no possibility of binding up such utter ruin of the poor heart. To the vene-

nable cedar tree I bade farewell, and to the dear old quiet garden; the associations were hallowed connected with them, but far more so with the beautiful House of Prayer, which was about to pass into stranger hands. There I had commended with the King of kings; there I had sought and found rest for my soul; there I had called upon my Creator to pity the work of his own hands, and to pardon human frailty. Once I despaired of realizing the belief that God is everywhere; and in tearing myself away from that blessed sanctuary, a desolation of spirit crept over me, as if I had exchanged a farewell with my best friend. But this lasted only for a while; and the first night of starlit glory, the flood-gates of my heart opened, and I clearly discerned the Star of Bethlehem!

Violet Bank, Miss Peveril's dwelling at T—, was, as she described it, a very pretty villa, embowered in its own plantation, shut in by high walls, and in the midst of a cheerful watering-place, whither invalids and idlers were wont to resort at some seasons of the year. Miss Peveril had old acquaintances residing in the neighborhood, and life altogether presented a widely different aspect from our former one at the Priory. The world walked in at our doors, and gossiped, and forced a way for its commonplaces; and much amazed I was to see Clare tolerate with carelessness, intrusions which to me were irksome in the extreme. But, as time progressed, I learned the secret of her patience and toleration; she was expectant and pre-occupied, engrossed with some all-absorbing anticipation, which rendered minor events unimportant. What this hope or anticipation was she never hinted at or confided to me, but her restless anxiety caused me uneasiness, and willingly would I have sympathized in her distress, had she permitted me to do so. Months and months glided by; time brought forth nothing; and my sister's irritability and nervousness resisted oftentimes her control; then, again, she would pine and fret, drooping like a tarnished lily; then rouse herself like a lioness in its lair when observed, and then sink down helplessly to a forced and apathetic composure and reserve.

"By-the-bye, Clare, my angel," said Miss Peveril, one evening—the old lady's memory often failed her—"by-the-bye, have you heard from Mark Avenel of late?"

Clare started, reddened, looked angry and vexed by turns, and replied with considerable asperity, "Why do you ask such an odd question, Aunt Monica?"

"An odd question, my angel," meekly retorted Miss Peveril; "why an odd question? Used not Mark Avenel to write to you sometimes?"

"Yes, of course, Aunt Monica; certainly, certainly, when my affairs required his surveillance and advice, ere we quitted the Priory," replied Clare, hurriedly, and still with vexation in her tone.

"Ay, very true, my love," hesitatingly pursued the old lady; "and I think he might have continued to let us hear of him. However I shall make a point of asking Mrs. Bohun to ask Mrs. Macdonald, with whom she corresponds (Mrs. Macdonald is some connection or other of

Mark's), all about him, and no doubt we shall soon hear tidings of our *ci-devant* excellent chaplain;—though, I must say, he might have written to me, if not to you, Clare—it would only have been respectful to an elder."

"Clare had taken up a book, and bending over it, seemed not to hear these words; but Miss Peveril registered what had passed in a corner of her mind; and notwithstanding the curious medley it presented, she had a fashion of her own in arranging the chaotic contents. The information obtained in consequence from Mrs. Macdonald through Mrs. Bohun, led to results which we little anticipated, when unheeding the poor old lady's interference.

I had accompanied my sister in a walk, which we had both unusually enjoyed, for the air was bracing, and our path led through a lovely sylvan valley, retired and solitary as the garden at the Priory. Clare displayed more kindness and affection towards me than she had evinced of late, exclaiming, "We must often take this ramble, Winny, it will do us both good;" and we were parting to disrobe ourselves of walking apparel, when coming through the hall we met the loquacious Mrs. Bohun.

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Paulet and Miss Wardour. How blooming you both look," cried she, seizing our hands; "you'll be so surprised at the news I have brought. Miss Peveril is quite overcome, I assure you."

"What news?" replied Clare, carelessly, "Aunt Peveril is easily excited."

"But I think you will be interested, too," persevered Mrs. Bohun; "for it is about an old friend of yours. Mrs. Macdonald wrote to me most positively on the subject, and you know Mr. Avenel is some distant relative of hers, and Miss Peveril wished to hear how he was, and so forth."

Clare stood still suddenly, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Bohun, but did not speak.

"And what do you think?" continued the latter, eagerly; but you'll never guess—no, never! and Mrs. Macdonald would scarcely believe it herself, because, as she says, Mark Avenel was always far too saintly to think of love or marriage! Yet he is actually on the point of being united—married by this time, no doubt—to a young lady of great wealth and beauty also. Mrs. Macdonald says she has it from an authentic source. But, bless me, where is Mrs. Paulet? Flown! Ah! it's late, and I must fly, too."

I heard all Mrs. Bohun said; heard it plainly, and yet I did not betray agitation; simply because I did not for one moment credit the information. Not for a moment—not for a passing second of time! Mark Avenel had loved once; he would *not* love again—he would *not* marry! I threw the gossip from my mind, as I would have cast away a worthless bauble, and smiled at its shallow emptiness and folly. Arrayed for dinner, I took my usual place, and we waited for Clare. She did not appear, and at length a domestic entered, conveying a message from my sister, the purport of which was, that sudden indisposition prevented her from joining us, but requesting not to be disturbed.

Miss Peveril evinced great uneasiness, and became so fidgety, that, after scarcely tasting food,

and ere the domestics had retired, she trotted off to see what was the matter, unable any longer to endure her anxious apprehensions. She speedily returned, however, discomfited and vexed; saying that Clare declined being talked to, on the plea of a violent headache; but wished to see me during the evening. Accordingly I sought Clare's apartment, and found her pacing to and fro, in an excited, unhappy manner; two deep red spots burning on either cheek, and her blue eyes flashing as if from fever or excitement, I knew not which. On seeing me enter, she put up a hand to her forehead, and sat down, saying, with an evident struggle to appear at ease, "I am quite bewildered, Winny, by this sudden attack of headache, and I have received a letter which requires an immediate reply. Will you be so kind as to write it for me at my dictation?"

I urged Clare to let me send for medical aid, but she laughed wildly and scornfully, pointing to her writing-desk, for me to take my place at it. I did so, fearing to exasperate her, but vague suspicions flashed through my mind; suspicions so vague and undefined, that they melted away almost ere formed in my brain, and a confusion of dim, bewildering fancies alone remained. She held out an open letter, remarking, that her headache rendered it painful to read, and requesting me to do so aloud. It was from the dowager Lady Arundel, dated from Arundel Castle, and it contained an urgent petition that Clare would accompany the writer to Paris for a few weeks. Lady Arundel was most affectionate in her entreaties, and declared that a denial would be really cruel; her health was so bad, and she had no companion for whose society she cared. Lady Arundel had always been an especial favorite with Clare, and a friendly intercourse had been kept up between the families; but still my astonishment was extreme, when my sister bade me write and accept the invitation. The dowager usually resided at the castle, with her only son, Lord Arundel; who, report said, was addicted to the most profligate excesses; she always expressed anxiety to see him married, nor had Clare been blind to her ladyship's blandishments, since the frightful accident occurred which had made her a widow. Lord Arundel's bold and undisguised admiration and adulation had always been received by my sister with marked coolness and disapproval; and when piqued and offended he betook himself to the Continent, Clare laughed, and said she had got rid of a very disagreeable admirer. Yet Lord Arundel was universally acknowledged to be pre-eminently fascinating and accomplished, besides having a rent-roll ample enough to cover a multitude of faults. There could be no doubt that the dowager was about to join her son; and as a last desperate expedient, had solicited Clare to accompany her. Knowing my sister's aversion to Lord Arundel, I ventured to remark, that as the journey was to be performed at once, and Lady Arundel seemed impatient to set off, perhaps this sudden indisposition might truthfully plead an excuse for declining the invitation, without appearing unkind.

"But I don't wish to decline it, Winny," exclaimed Clare, angrily; "I wish, above all things,

to go. I shall be quite well to-morrow—this is only a headache, as I have already told you."

A heavy, uncontrollable sigh might rather have evinced a heartache!

"What do you suppose brought it on, dear Clare?" I asked, stooping over the desk, and trying to appear unconcerned, for I felt quite frightened at my own temerity.

"What you do mean, sister Winny?" cried Clare, passionately; "what do you mean? Am I a physician? Can I account for such miserable attacks of illness? What should you, in your infinite sagacity, opine brought on this pain? nervousness or fancy?—height?"

"No, no, dear Clare," I answered, pleadingly, for she was so terribly aroused—I had never seen her so moved before—"no, no, not either nervousness or fancy, I am sure. Perhaps a few leeches applied to the temples might relieve you—will you try?"

"Don't tease me, Winny," she replied, with irritation, but wrote the letter for me to Lady Arundel, and make all necessary arrangements as I desire you."

I completed my task, and received my sister's thanks. What evil genius prompted me, at the moment we were saying good-night, to whisper as I kissed her, "Do you believe the report of Mr. Avenel's marriage, Clare?" What evil genius prompted me to breathe the name of my heart's idol?—a name never spoken by us two sisters of late. The two burning spots faded on Clare's cheeks, and a livid whiteness overspread them, as, darting a piercing glance at me, and laughing scornfully—oh! but it was a harsh, discordant laugh—she exclaimed, "Believe it? of course I do, Winny; why should I not?"

"I do not," was my low and faltering answer.

"And pray, Winifred Wardour, why do you not?" she cried, with fierceness, grasping my hands in her own, and gazing in my face as if she would read my inmost soul. I burst into tears, and spoke not another word. Clare threw my hands from her with a gesture of loathing, as she tauntingly said, I detest whimpering and scenes. Winny Wardour, you carry your heart in your sleeve!" I could have retorted, but my better angel whispered silence; yet, as our eyes encountered, unwittingly mine conveyed a meaning which caused her to redden with shame, and to turn away angry and defiant. No longer was my inner life lazy or torpid; it was very busy all night, and sleep came not to the wearied frame, though my eyelids were heavy for slumber. Yet never once did I doubt Mark Avenel's chivalrous honor; blessed be Heaven—never once. I had learned that my only sister did not love me. I had learned far more than this; and I wept tears of agony—oh! such intense human agony—when the night of sorrow almost hid heaven from my view, and I stood desolate and alone on earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLARE departed for the Continent, with the dowager Lady Arundel, with such extraordinary precipitation, that Miss Peveril, stunned and confused, did not recover from her surprise and

bewilderment for many days after the flight; then, indeed, her lamentations were unceasing. What was the meaning of all this? What had been the matter with Clare? And if Clare was ill, why did she go? It was Clare's will and pleasure to do so, I might have replied; and what other reason could be given?

"Well," exclaimed Miss Peveril, resignedly—"well, I don't understand it, and I don't pretend to. My Clare, doubtless, does all for the best, she is such an angel; but I wish she remembered that her old Aunt Monica only lives in the light of her smile."

Poor old lady! I felt for her deeply;—she loved my sister with such trusting singleness of heart. I had once pined for such devoted love! Inscrutable are the dispensations of the Almighty—how he tries his creatures through the medium of their tenderest and most salient points. We want faith to meekly bow our heads, and resign our beings into his dear hands—and yet do we not each day repeat, "Thy will be done?"

Miss Peveril never seemed to heed my presence. I was nothing—nobody. My mother—wert not thou remembered—all thy love—thy gentleness—thy forbearance—and lavish praise? Clare was all in all with her doating relative, and I pitied the old lady from my soul, as she began to realize the dreadful feeling of bereavement and loneliness. Continually she repeated, "A few weeks will soon pass away—soon pass away;" but when a few weeks did pass away, and Clare, who seldom wrote, spoke not of return, then Miss Peveril waxed impatient and wrathful, and became jealous of the dowager Lady Arundel. On her, alone, Aunt Monica vented her spleen. "Clare was too good-natured, too easily persuaded; nor was it wonderful, that Lady Arundel desired to retain such an angel by her side, though to say the least, it was abominably selfish." This was the burden of the song I listened to for many long weeks. My sister never wrote to me, or even mentioned my name in her short, unfrequent epistles. I was nothing to her or Miss Peveril, but an encumbrance; and yet the latter grew uneasy if I left her for any length of time, and always exclaimed, on my return, "Where *have* you been this age, Winny Wadour?" But minor considerations vanished in the anxiety and keen sympathy I felt, on Clare briefly communicating to her aunt that Lord Arundel had asked her hand in marriage, and that she had accepted him. The dowager Lady Arundel, earnestly entreated my sister, to reward the constancy and devotion of her son, by being united to him without delay. "And if it is to be, it had better be at once," added Clare, "so write without delay, dear aunt, and give me your sanction."

Miss Peveril's complicated and contradictory feelings at this crisis, were often exhibited in an almost ludicrous manner. She was angry with Clare for acting with such haste and independence, but yet she rejoiced in her exaltation in a worldly point of view, and always ended her prolonged warblings, with bemoaning their separation. The dowager Lady Arundel became Miss Peveril's utter aversion. Clare was about to become that individual's daughter-in-law, and,

of course, in a great measure to be estranged from her aunt's society. This knowledge was sufficient to arouse all the jealousy of a weak but romantic temperament; and, ere my sister's marriage was celebrated and publicly announced, poor Miss Peveril had worked herself into a fit of severe illness and mental prostration, from which she never entirely rallied. My sister's nuptials with Lord Arundel were solemnized in the French capital, and from thence they set off on a southern tour; and while the beautiful idol of Miss Peveril's childless heart basked beneath sunny Italian skies, her worshipper, shattered, and broken down in mind and body, wistfully regarded the desolate altar of domestic affection, on which had been offered such precious incense.

It was a hard and a bitter task to watch beside Miss Peveril, she was so thankless, so unjust, so careless of my presence and unceasing efforts to minister to her comfort. I knew that I was doing far more than Clare ever had, or ever would have done, yet her slightest action, and the most careless attention bestowed, were remembered with rapturous admiration and gratitude; while my solicitude and tending were received as from a paid menial, and as a matter of course. Miss Peveril was buoyed up with the anticipation of Lord and Lady Arundel's return to Arundel Castle; but when months rolled on, and they came not, but, on the contrary, hinted at a protracted absence on account of the dowager's declining and precarious state of health, then did she "turn her face to the wall," and weeping, refuse to be comforted. Visitors were denied admittance at Violet Bank; and shunning all intercourse with her neighbors, Miss Peveril completely gave way to nervous debility, and became by degrees a confirmed, helpless invalid. I wrote to Clare a statement of the sad fact, but she treated my representations as absurd; and in a cold, short reply, mentioned that they were not likely again to visit England, while the dowager remained alive. Lord Arundel, she said, was naturally anxious about his mother, and her first duty was to forward *his* wishes. Alas! I too readily passed silent judgment upon my sister, when I remembered the spirit in which other duties had been fulfilled. But smothering these inner whispers with conscious blushes, I asked myself the question, "Have all *your* duties in life been strictly and religiously fulfilled, Winny Wadour?" And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Dear mother,—how I clung for comfort to the old belief, that *now* you knew how much I had loved and lamented you. The mystery of my lost love and happiness remained unrevealed, but my faith wavered not. The sort of dreamy hermit life I led was far from being irksome or distasteful; the commonplaces of the world had no interest for me; and when I heard that Mrs. Bohun had quitted T—for a distant residence, I did not regret that the only means by which I could hear of Mark Avenel's destiny had ceased to be within reach. There was a melancholy and mysterious fascination in this, and in whispering his dear name daily in my prayers; in

heaven we might meet again without reserve, or any obstacle obscuring our full knowledge of each other. He had loved me, he had forsaken me, but faith triumphed, and I never once upbraided him. Was not this faith an especial gift of grace—faith in heaven—faith in human goodness? I look back to those monotonous years with a sensation akin to awe; they do not seem short to me when I look back, they seem as long as ever they did then. Spring, summer, autumn and winter, one after another—blue skies and cloudy skies—warm days and cold days—sunshine and starlight—wet weather or dry weather—all the same to me, save as I associated the brief history of our passion (for ah! he *had* loved me) with these things. In summer, memory carried me back to the quiet, cloistered garden, where we used to walk and hold sweet discourse together. I knew all its minute details; the very branches of the venerable cedar were clearly defined in my mind's eye. And so at other seasons, slight threads on which to hang memories, so precious were these. The lilac blossoms brought my childhood back—they whispered a tale which others heard not; and many a time and oft I have stood with closed eyes at twilight-fall, to inhale the delicious fragrance, and to dream, to gaze, perchance, on the shadowy, distant ridges, where the green hills receded, to see if the good pilgrims were coming, and then to turn away with a sigh and a half smile at my own wild folly! The sorrow had come which I knew must come: a strain of distant music at sunset often thrilled my nerves to agony; no possibility of disentangling the confusion and discrepancy of ideas, or of analyzing the reason of such. Common sense and fancy were at issue. Even Nurse Topham had ceased to lament, as she once did, "Miss Winny being shut up so;" for though nurse did not utter the direct words, yet I was fully aware that she had come to the conclusion that "Miss Winny's best days were over;" consequently despaired of her matrimonial visions on my behalf being realized. She had more than once said to me "that people might be over particular, and refuse offers which afterwards they'd be glad of;" she also remarked, that I looked wonderfully old for my years; and held up for my private inspection long silver threads, "rather different from the brown flax silk," said nurse, drily, which I had been so careless of when a child. In the looking glass I beheld my dark, sunken eyes; and I read depths there which made me shudder—depths of suffering, depths of endurance, depths of memory and affection—which no human strength had enabled me to sustain.

I never heard the voice of tenderness, or praise, or encouragement, during the seven long years I passed at T— with Miss Peveril. Clare paid us a flying visit once during the interim, and she, too, was sadly changed. A life of dissipation and extravagance at home and abroad, the vortex of a fashionable world, in which she was willingly and inextricably involved, left my sister no leisure or inclination to devote her time to a peevish, moaning invalid. Lord Arundel, after his mother's decease, frequently made prolonged journeys to the Continent, preferring the freedom of a foreign land to

the trammels imposed by custom in his own. I detected false bloom on my sister's wasted cheek; alas! I detected misery also, in her forced laugh and haughty bearing. Communing in my chamber alone, I resolved to speak of the past to her, in an open, straightforward manner; to speak of Mark Avenel, and the mystery attending his change of demeanor. Communing alone in my chamber, I resolved to do so; but whenever I came into her actual presence, and encountered her clear, cold, blue eye, my resolution vanished—my knees tottered—my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—and I dared not speak the name so venerated. I felt assured that Clare would have taunted me, had I betrayed agitation; for my precise and old-maidish ways, as she termed them, afforded her ample scope for continual derisive mirth.

Once I beheld a change darken my sister's usually self-possessed aspect, when Miss Peveril remarked, with irritation, in reply to a request for a considerable loan of money urgently preferred by Clare—"I'm glad that the goodly heritage of the Priory is out of your power, and your husband's, for *that*, I suppose, would have gone to pay your gambling debts long ago."

"Fool that I was for parting with it," muttered Clare between her set teeth, an angry flush suffusing her whole face and neck, and her eyes flashing, "fool that I was, indeed! I should not be beholden to you now, Aunt Peveril. But it were folly to regret what is irrevocable."

Miss Peveril coughed dubiously, but said nothing; however, she ruminated seriously for hours, but her ruminations were confined to her own breast. I knew that ere my sister departed from Violet Bank she had succeeded in persuading her aunt to accede to the request already alluded to.

CHAPTER IX.

No conventional seclusion could have been more strict than ours—shut out entirely from observation, holding no intercourse with the outward world, yet in the centre of a favorite resort for idlers; which latter fact rendered Miss Peveril more resolute and obstinate in denying admission to all applicants. "She had real ailments and real miseries! She detested all fanciful folks and fashionable loungers, and would have none of them! She desired to make peace with Heaven, and to leave the ungrateful world! She wanted to see no more of it for ever!" We were shut up together within narrow bounds, surrounded by high walls; the house waxed dingy and out of repair, and the mistress tottered, and seemed ready to fall; yet, year after year, death procrastinated knocking at the door. I never wished for change or recreation, nor lamented the absence of companions; I never dwelt with discontent on my unnatural state of existence; never remembered with regret that I was gradually becoming wrinkled and gray-headed. Premature age, wasted talents, crushed spirits, and withered affections, I was fully sensible of; but I contemplated with enduring and stoical calmness the lot which He had appointed me to sustain. There was no merit in this of my own: it was simply that God granted me the strength I prayed for, and stood so much in need of. Per-

haps had I mixed in society, or entered into the gaieties of life, the state of dreamy, monotonous tranquillity might have given place to a forced animation, reckless alike of past, present, and future; for, in my early days, lighted rooms, sweet music, and pleasant company had influence to charm away the dark hour. And life was now one long continuous dark hour—the dim twilight hour, rather, when day has set, and the night of repose approaches, so welcome to the weary. I felt sure that a Father's hand was dealing with me, and not chastening for the sole purpose of inflicting pain. True, I could not discern the light: I could not always think of a blessed eternity; but nevertheless, heaven and glory ineffable were assuredly beyond the darkness, though I walked in partial blindness through the wilderness. I grovelled on earth, shuddered at death, and treasured the memory of earthly passion with a tenacity which strengthened with years. Often, with accusing tears, I silently confessed that, though I wavered in faith towards my Creator, I remained true to the creature, never doubting *his* wisdom, purity, and excellence. The inner life! How imperfectly do I gloss over its intricacies—how impossible to unravel and describe them! I travel over those years one by one—those long years—when peevish lamentations, and moanings, and chidings, and complainings, assailed my ears from morn to night; when I never spoke the name most dear to me on earth, save to God; when I was left in uncertainty if it was numbered with the names of the departed just.

I had watched beside my mother's sick bed; I had received her parting sigh; I had controlled my agonized feelings—no need to dissemble as I watched beside Miss Peveril. I upbraided myself with not sympathizing in her sufferings sufficiently, and regarding her closing scene with apathy. Day and night I ministered unceasingly to her wants; and when the flame burned feebly, and flickered in the socket, I guarded it with care and gentleness; not that I valued the dim uncertain light, but that it was passing away for ever, no more to be illumined by mortal hands. The dying woman could not bear me out of her sight for a moment. She treated me as a useful machine, and I much marvelled that she had no knowledge of my inner life, though I had been her constant companion. She never imagined I was hurt or wounded by her indifference, and, had I wept, she would have exclaimed, in astonishment, "What is the matter with you, Winny Wardour?" Had I suggested that I pined for kindness and love, Miss Peveril would have taxed me with ingratitude and folly. But I never did venture on such a suggestion—in loneliness of heart performing my appointed pilgrimage.

Lord and Lady Arundel were absent on the Continent when Miss Peveril breathed her last; but their steward arrived in order to make necessary arrangements, and released me from the painful responsibility. My sister also wrote, requesting me to remove immediately to the castle, and to consider it as my future home. Then for the first time I remembered that I was bereft of shelter; for Violet Bank was to be sold, and Miss Peveril's fortune of course, was all bequeathed

to Clare. The future burst upon me without preparation, for I had not contemplated the position in which I now found myself placed. Vainly I looked around for aid. What could I do? Where could I fly, to avoid being with Clare? The idea was dreadful, though I did not analyze or comprehend its intensity; Clare loved me not; and memories were too life betwixt us to permit our gazing on each other's faces with sisterly confidence.

I do not exactly know when or how I first became aware of the surprising fact, that Miss Peveril had remembered me in a codicil of her will, and left two hundred pounds a year at my disposal, for the remainder of my life, to revert to Clare, or her heirs, on my decease. My heart smote me, in that I sorrowed so little for my benefactress; but with fervent gratitude I returned thanks to the Almighty, who had put it into her mind to provide thus for the destitute. My riches seemed boundless and inexhaustible; while a sensation of freedom and relief caused genial tears to well forth—tears which had been pent up so long. I could take care of poor old Nurse Topham too, and seek an asylum just where I pleased. Where should it be? Far away from Arundel Castle, far away from T—, in some sequestered spot, where the dream of life might not be disturbed, and where I might patiently await the revealments of time "Wherever my steps are directed, it will not be chance that points the way," I silently decided, "there is no such thing as chance."

Nurse Topham, on being consulted, eagerly proposed our taking up a temporary abode, at least, in her native village, which she had not visited since her youth, and yearned to behold again retaining a lively recollection of its sylvan beauties. It was a great distance off, but that formed no impediment; once on our journey, it mattered not whither we went. Besides, an impulse swayed me, which I attempted not to combat against—an impulse irresistible; and, our preparations being completed, we travelled down to Westmoreland, in compliance with Nurse Topham's suggestion, and the mysterious inner promptings which forbade me to turn a deaf ear to her advice. I had no friends to consult, no adieus to make. Clare was highly offended at my declining to reside at Arundel, "where I could be so useful," she said. Slumbering pride revolted at this; and, bidding a last farewell to the home where so many years had sleepily glided on, and accompanied by faithful nurse, I addressed myself to the pilgrimage before me. I found the village of Elvinside quite as beautiful and picturesque in point of situation, as nurse described it. It is a scattered hamlet, on all sides surrounded by wooded hills, valleys, streams, and pasture-lands, and the nearest town is some miles distant. We succeeded in obtaining accommodation in a pleasant farm-house, which nurse found belonged to a cousin of her own—the only individual remaining with whom she could claim affinity at Elvinside. Removing from the small market town to this new home, it scarcely seemed to me like a strange place, or else I was easily made at home; but it was a long time before I could fully realize the fact of being at perfect

liberty, and beyond control. From the windows of the little parlor we commanded a delightful and extensive prospect, and a church spire rose up in bold relief against the sky, from a rising ground whereon it was situated, apparently about a mile distant. One evening soon after our arrival at Elvinside, when the west wind blew, and the setting sun assumed that mellow and melancholly tinge peculiar to early autumn—that season “when hearts are full of bygone story”—the soft low chime of the sweetest silvery bells I had ever heard or fancied, stole on my enraptured ear, floating on the western breeze, “nearer still, and nearer pealing,” then dying away, then chiming again. Holding up my finger to impress silence on nurse, I involuntarily gazed on the tapering church spire, almost expecting to behold a seraphic vision, so solemn and mysteriously sweet was the music of those old church bells.

At length nurse, unable to keep silence any longer, whispered, “Them is the bells of the Hill-side Church, Miss Winny, as we always hear at Elvinside, when the west wind blows, and many’s the time I used to ask mother, when I was a little child, when the west wind would blow, and the beautiful music come? Ah, I remember them! they’re just the same; they seem to speak, that they do, of those that be dead and gone.” And nurse sobbed aloud.

“They speak a welcome, dear nurse,” I replied, “when there is no human voice to do so; they welcome us to Elvinside. Listen, let us listen!”

We sat in silence by the open casement; the pale stars came one by one in the sky; the soft sad music rose and fell—rose and fell—and gradually night shades gathered, and all was silent. Seldom, I believe, had nurse preserved silence for so long a period; but she had travelled in memory’s golden land, and tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks.

Every morning, the first object I beheld was the church spire on the hill-side; it fascinated and enthralled me; nor could I withdraw my gaze from it. “Will you inquire if there is daily service, nurse,” I said, “and the pastor’s name? I should like to walk there very much.”

“Old Mr. Danvers was the parson,” responded nurse, “but in course he isn’t now, Miss Winny. But I’ll go and ask John Topham all about it, though he and his missus don’t go to the Hill-side Church, I know; it’s a most too far for their old legs.”

Nurse was absent for such an unaccountable time, that I became afraid she was ill, and as I was about to go in search of her, she made her appearance. But no sooner had I seen her face, than I became aware something unusual had occurred, for she looked quite scared and miserable.

“What is the matter, nurse?” I demanded. “What has detained you?”

“Oh, Miss Winny, don’t ask me, pray don’t. It’ll only harass and surprise your feelings, as it has mine; though John Topham didn’t do it intentionally, honest man, I must say. He’s as sorry himself as anything, though he don’t belong to the Hill-side congregation. Oh! Miss Winny, prepare yourself, afore you ask me.”

“What am I to prepare myself for, nurse?”

I replied, with forced calmness; for prophetic and wild foreboding sickened me, and I turned faint and giddy.

“For strange news, bad news, Miss Winny. Oh, what a funny life this is, to be sure! Little did I think, when you and I were a-listening to those old bells, that *he* was a-listening too, dear soul! and that he won’t listen much longer to any bells on earth; for the bells of the celestial city, as we read of in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ will ring out for him, be sure, when he enters the gates of gold, which he will do full soon.”

“Nurse Topham, do not trifle with me, but speak out distinctly, at once.” I know that these words were uttered by my lips; put my voice sounded hollow and broken, and terrible anticipations of what I was to hear at that moment fell like an ice-bolt on my heart.

“Oh, Miss Winny, I’m sure you’ll be so sorry, for I remember how kind he was to you at the Priory—everybody saw that, and what pains he took with you; and how you used to walk together in that queer old garden, where the good men’s bones lay a-mouldering. If he hadn’t been such a saint, folks would have talked. But Mr. Avenel did what he liked, nobody dared make free with *his* name, bless it.”

Not one word could I frame. Nurse met my eye, and cried, “Good lack, Miss Winny, my dear Miss Winny, you’re ill. I’m a-frightening of you to death, so I’ll tell you what it is, or you’ll fancy something worse.” Something worse—that was impossible!

“Only think, Miss Winny, the twittier it threw me into,” continued nurse, “when, on asking John Topham who was the parson of the Hill-side Church now, he said, ‘Why, it’s a real good dear gentleman, but we much afraid that he’s in a bad way, for a friend of his does duty for him this ever so long—a Mr. Howard—and *he’s* a good gentleman too.’ But, said I, John, what is the real parson’s name? Quoth John, ‘a name that many a poor creetur will remember in these parts for mony a day to come, with respect and love. He’s a-worn hisself out,’ continued John Topham, “with study and fasting, and going about among the sick and miserable.” Service is every day in the Hill-side Church, Miss Winny, and three times of Sundays, and also on festivals, o’ course, just as it used to be at the Priory Chapel. And John says, that Mr. Avenel denies hisself a most necessities, to give alms, and to adorn the church, which has all been new done up at his expense, and is most sumptuous and beautiful to behold. But now he is so weak, he can’t leave the house, and Mr. Howard nurses him; but Mr. Howard has so much to do besides, that John says he is afraid Mr. Avenel is left too much alone-like; though he don’t care for company, at the same time he is thankful and kind to all. But Miss Winny, Miss Winny, speak to me, and don’t look so; I know’d you’d be as sorry as could be to hear this.”

Poor old nurse! her words entered my ears, not one fell to the ground; they entered, and pierced me to the soul. “So *this* is why my footsteps were directed *here*,” I remember distinctly articulating more than once. Then a horror of great darkness fell upon me.

CHAPTER X.

On recovering, every energy was concentrated to gain speech with Mr. Howard, whom I perfectly recollected as an esteemed friend of Mark Avenel's. This was not difficult of accomplishment; there was something beyond this which I had to achieve—to see Mark Avenel—to see him again in a dying state—perhaps even to forget woman's nature, and to ask him why he had changed towards me? This was my first impulse. To let him behold me whom he had loved—altered and grayheaded; to hear the mystery explained which had divided us—to tell him of my trusting faith in his wisdom and goodness. What had pride to do with such love as mine? What infringement of woman's delicacy could there be, in seeking an interview with the dying saint—the beloved of a lifetime? I had never felt angered or revengeful, because he had forsaken me; I had bowed my heart in conviction of unworthiness to become his. Then wherefore should I be so near, and not tell him how I came thither—how the hand of God was manifest in this misadventure? Mr. Howard confirmed the information which I had already received from nurse. There was no hope—Mark Avenel's hours on earth were numbered. Mr. Howard remembered my name, but did not recognize my person; my own mother would not had she been living.

"Will you mention to Mr. Avenel, that Winifred Wardour desires to see him?" I said to Mr. Howard, not daring to trust myself to say more.

"Yes, indeed I will," he replied, kindly; "and I am sure the sight of an old friend will afford him comfort. He cannot come to see you, Miss Wardour; perhaps you will not mind calling at the Parsonage to-morrow morning, when I will apprise and prepare him for your visit."

How cool and careless appeared these words; yet what else could Mr. Howard say?—what did he know of me? I murmured an apprehension of agitation being not desirable for an invalid.

"Agitation?" responded Mr. Howard—"doubtless agitation would not be well. But I do not apprehend that the mere converse with a former friend can produce that effect. I am sure he will be pleased to see you, Miss Wardour."

Mr. Howard was a worthy, and not an unfeeling man; but to me he appeared hard as iron! To-morrow morning! I dreaded the intolerable suspense and anguish of the intervening time. Perhaps Mark Avenel might not care to admit me; perhaps he did not wish his latter moments to be disturbed by my presence. That evening, however, Mr. Howard personally became the bearer of a message from his friend; and my anxious fears lest I might be denied admittance were dissipated by his communication. Mr. Avenel had evinced much agitation and excitement on hearing my name. "Indeed," continued Mr. Howard, "were it not for his excessive debility and feverish prostration of strength, Miss Wardour, which may account for delirious fancies, I should be at a loss to know why he expressed so much surprise, repeating, 'Winifred Wardour, Winifred Wardour—that cannot be

her name now; there must be some mistake.' But when I assured Avenel that I had it from your own lips, he gazed in my face with a strange wild expression, which alarmed me for his intellects. He asked to see you, but fainting succeeded the exertion of speaking and essaying to move. We persuaded him to retire; and, in compliance with his earnest wish, I am here, Miss Wardour, to tell you from our dear departing friend, his hope that not another day will pass without your meeting each other, to bid farewell on earth, for Avenel is conscious his end rapidly draws nigh."

Mr. Howard's looks conveyed more than his words, and he regarded me with scrutinizing attention; I merely bowed my head, and clasped my hands over a violently throbbing heart. He noticed the movement, and said, with tenderness, "Forgive me, if I have been too abrupt; and may our pitying Heavenly Father strengthen and support you beneath this trial."

All night long—and oh, what a dreary, interminable night it seemed!—I lay tossing about on my bed, yearning for morning light, and haunted by the singular exclamation which Mr. Howard had recorded as his friend's respecting my name. Why could it not be my name now? In a few hours I should behold his dearest face again, clasp his hands, and, kneeling beside him, pray God to take me too. Silently, secretly, thus I would pray, for I meant to be very composed, and quiet, and friendly; the inward agony I endured should not gain the mastery—should not betray me, or agitate him.

And all this came to pass. Silently I knelt beside the shadow; for he was a shadow, most sublimated, most spiritual, his dark eyes burning like two lamps. Silently I knelt down beside him, and took his wasted, transparent hands in mine; nay, more—I kissed them, but no tears came to my relief. He did not speak, but continued gazing on me; and at length I gasped, "Mr. Avenel, dear friend and pastor, I come to receive your blessing."

In broken sentences he replied, "Do I indeed address you as Miss Wardour? I believed that name was changed long ago."

"Changed, Mr. Avenel? What do you mean?" I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise. "Under what delusion are you laboring? My name is the same as it has ever been. I am still the Winny Wardour whom you left at the Priory—the same in heart, but otherwise changed indeed, as you see."

"Changed indeed!" he faltered, with a deep sigh, and mournfully pondering my features—"changed indeed! Alas! you have known sorrow, Miss Wardour, since we parted—disappointment and bereavement, I fear," he continued with tender delicacy. Our eyes met, he started convulsively; I knew not what he read there, for I did not mean to reveal a passing thought. "Think not I wish to pain you, Winifred, or to intrude on sacred sorrows," he faintly murmured, exhausted with emotion; "but at this awful hour I must know the truth: I ought to know it, for your eyes speak another tale than that I was led to believe." What had my tell-tale eyes revealed unconsciously? A burning blush mounted to my temples, as Mark Avenel proceeded in a firmer

tone—"When I decided on quitting the Priory, as soon as my duties there were fulfilled, it was with the conviction that you, Winifred, were affianced and attached to another; my informant was your sister."

"It was false — cruelly, fatally false!" burst from me in uncontrollable anguish and bitterness, as the past became clear to us both at the same moment — clear to him as me.

A fearful spasm passed athwart his wan countenance; he drew me to his bosom, pleading low: "Forgive me — forgive me — that I ever doubted you — my love — my life!" Wildly — passionately — I replied I know not what. He clasped me closely to his heart, articulated distinctly: "Mine in heaven!" and, as the encircling arms relaxed their support, with a prolonged gentle sigh the pure spirit fled to Him who gave it.

Ages of unutterable woe rolled over me; and the first light that dawned on my soul was vouchsafed in the form of a dream — a vision of sleep. I beheld my mother and my lover hand in hand, robed as shining angels, and with radiant smiles beckoning to me from their blissful home, to come and join them. I awoke, crying: "I come, beloved ones! Oh, joyously I come!" But that bright and welcome vision, was sent to comfort me long ago; and I can distinctly remember, when I awoke from the long dark night of sorrow, that I felt as if awaking into a world I had not known before — an unreal, a strange world, where I had to enter on a new phase of existence. I can remember, too, the clear impression on my mind was, that between me and my anguish even time could never intervene with healing; but that, if I lived for half a century to come, the unclosed wound would still remain the same. Unconsciously, however, and by slow degrees, precious balm descended gently on my sick heart, and it gradually revived with the blessed assurance that *I had been loved* — faithfully, fondly, passionately loved, as only the noble-hearted can love — to the death. We had been permitted to know each other's hearts in life, we had breathed our vows of faith and love on the margin of the grave; and now — now my lost lover looked down with my sainted mother from heaven, and illumined my desolate path with the sunshine of their smiles. Yes, their hallowed memory was light and life, and strength and hope. How short appeared the probation of the longest life on earth, when throughout a glorious eternity we should be re-united. The crown glittered before me on high — it was yet to be won.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself,

and take up his cross, and follow me" — these gracious words were written in characters of shining gold, look which way I would. Take up the cross! Yes; and follow him, so that, at the last, I might win an entrance to *their* home through my Redeemer's merits; easy the yoke and precious the cross to my desolated heart! And thus I began my new existence, with all this pitying help to guide and aid me on my pilgrimage; with a broken heart, but certain that He would vouchsafe to bind it up sufficiently, to enable me to perform his appointed work, and no longer to indulge in selfish grief. "His" poor were around me on all sides; "His" lambs to be fed and tended in the wilderness. Mark Avenel had worked before me, and I was privileged, indeed, thus humbly to follow out his charitable plans and efforts; an unworthy and deficient laborer, after him, in the Master's vineyard. By God's grace I have toiled and striven, nor fainted during the heat of the day; and the reward has been — oh, so far beyond my deservings — the reward of a "great calm," which by degrees fell on my afflicted soul, and lulled the tempestuous billows to sweet and lasting rest.

I may not aver that I have not known many lonely, unspeakably lonely, mournful hours, during this latter-day wayfaring; for I am but a frail, weak mortal; and in the silent watches of the night the dear familiar voices whisper kind words in my ear; while the icy breath of the grave comes between, and chills me with its dread approach. But God is near — I call upon his name at such seasons, and he hears me. The day-dawn brings duties and occupations so thickly strewn over every hour, that no time is left for idly giving way to painful retrospection; and twilight, which always brings with it a short respite, also brings the "footsteps of angels;" and *they* are often with me then, to soothe and to cheer.

I never asked my sister for an explanation of the motive which had induced her to ruin my hope of earthly happiness; I needed not to do so, for the silent revelations of the inner life left nothing to disclose. She has gone to her account; and I thank God, who put it into my heart to forgive her, even as I hope to be forgiven.

I have never quitted Elvinside; there is precious dust beneath the shadow of the venerable Hill-side Church: and the old chimes ever mysteriously seem to re-echo the blessed words: "Mine in heaven."

My journey is drawing towards its close, and with content I contemplate the approaching hour, when for the last time I may exclaim: "I come — I come — beloved ones."

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. AND THE SWALLOW'S NEST.—A similar story is told, by Vieyra, of Charles V., but that emperor acted from a different feeling. The swallow had built her nest upon his tent, and when he moved his camp he ordered the tent to be left standing till her young should have fled; so sacred, says the preacher, did he hold the rights of hospitality. If this an-

ecdote be true, there is hardly any fact in Charles's life which does so much honor to his heart. — *Sermones*, vol. xv, p. 195.

OPIMUM LOZENGES.—Travellers in Turkey carry with them lozenges of opium, on which is stamped *Mash Allah*, the gift of God. — *Griffiths*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TALFOURD'S LAST POETRY* AND PROSE.†

"THE Castilian," Sir Thomas Talfourd's last tragedy, is not perhaps so inferior to "Ion," his first, as it is superior to "The Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe," his second and third. Its fitness for the stage is, at the best, doubtful. But it makes highly "agreeable" closet-reading. Shakspeare (now for a truism of the biggest!) would have made it something above and beyond the "agreeable." But there have been and are, other dramatists, of repute withal, in whose hands it would probably be something awkwardly below that mark. The amiable author has produced a tragedy of no very signal pretensions to the sublime in conception, the profound in sentiment, the artistic in construction, the forcible in action, or the original and life-like in impersonation. So far as his characters are real to us, they are so by faith and not by sight; we believe in them as we do in any other set of fictitious agents, in whose doings and destiny we consent to be interested, while perusing the novel or play in which their lot is cast: but our philosophy in so doing is of the Nominalist, not the Realist school; the faith we exercise in their Castilian actuality is conventional only; of the book bookish; and more easily to be dropped with the curtain, at the close of the fifth act, than to be roused into active service with the progress of the first. Nevertheless, interest is excited and maintained—interest of a tranquil, literary nature—in behalf of these *dramatis personæ*, who rather stroll and ruminate than strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and to whom we owe much graceful verse, ennobling thought, and tuneful philosophy.

The story of the "Castilian" is founded on a narrative in Robertson's "Charles V.," of the insurrection at Toledo headed by Don Juan de Padilla, against the Emperor's viceroys, the Cardinal Adrian. Padilla is here regarded as a high-minded, pure-hearted, and profoundly religious soldier—a man of essentially conservative and loyal sentiments, whom the force of circumstances impels to almost unconscious rebellion. His wife is a woman of "unbounded ambition," refined, however, by an "equally unbounded admiration of her husband." In the third act is introduced the unhappy Joanna, the Emperor's mother, whose sanction to the revolt of the Commons is made available to the fatal purpose of the tragedy—that sanction being obtained during what Padilla believes to be a lucid interval on her part, and becoming in effect the seal of his own ruin. It is a highly

impressive scene, that in which the queen awakes from her long lethargy to a transient exercise of mental activity—the gradual restoration—the dallying with painful memories—the brooding over a too-agitating past, while "that way madness lies:" thus she recalls her first days of wedded life in Flanders—the three months at Windsor, *fleeted* there "by a monarch styled the Seventh Henry"—and the distracting time when, a forsaken and abused wife, she "traversed land and sea to find—to find—a Flemish wanton snaring Philip's soul with golden tresses,"—and the dark hour when she plucked his corpse from the grave itself, refusing to believe in death where *he*, her soul's darling, was concerned; and how, by a rare device, she arrayed the dead man, not dead to her, in pompous robes, meet for life in the fulness of life's pride and might, and hid him from all eyes but her own, and carried him by night to Granada—

How, through each day encamp'd,
I curtain'd him, and bore him on by night,
Loathing all roofs, that I might laugh at those
Who watch'd his waking. 'Tis a dismal journey—
The torches flicker through its mists—the sleet
Descends to quench them—I'll not track it on—

so brokenly discourses the distraught queen, on whose wakened spirit Padilla has staked all—

His life, his honor, his dear country's peace—

gracing with her title the wild tumults of the crowd, and with it aiming to "make rebellion consecrate"—resolved, too, "while a thread of consciousness within her soul can shape a mandate," to honor it "as law, announced by voice of angel." That spell is soon broken, that charm soon spent. Giron, a rival of Padilla, secures the person of the queen, usurps the command of the insurgents, and involves them and their cause in utter confusion. The recent triumphs, seizes many a noble prisoner, one of them Padilla's only son, and issues an offer

Of pardon at the will of him who gives
Padilla to the axe—

and of this offer the father takes advantage to disguise himself, promise the betrayal of the "arch-rebel," procure the enfranchisement of his boy and the forgiveness of Toledo, and then doff the monkish wrappings and stand forth to die, strong in integrity of purpose and assurance of faith. The same mellow even-tide light suffuses the catastrophe as does that of "Ion"—of a calm beauty too refined and "dainty sweet" not to tell in every line of poetical license—but with a softening influence and divine melancholy peculiar to itself.

There is nearly the same liberal presence of florid diction, and picturesque description, and glittering imagery, in this as in Talfourd's earlier tragedies. Take an example or two. Of Padilla's trusty old steward, seen in the garden at sunset, an approaching visitor says:—

What! vegetating still with ruddy cheek
As twenty summers since—like yonder dial

* The Castilian. An Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon.

† Supplement to "Vacation Rambles," consisting of Recollections of a Tour through France to Italy, etc., etc. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon. 1854.

‡ There is, however, careful and effective art in the management of the Queen Joanna episode, Act III.

O'er grown by the huge sycamore, that, touch'd
No longer by the sunbeam, shows no trace
Of coursing time?

The conceit is pretty of its kind, but it is hardly the sort of fancy that would occur to the visitor; it is rather the simile of a poet in his study, with the garden, dial, setting sun, trusty steward, and well-spoken visitor all duly arranged in his mind's eye. The same speaker finely says, with a view to enlist Padilla in the leadership of the impatient Commons, as the only man in whom the conditions of such leadership are to be found,

—He who would direct
A people in its rising, must be calm
As death is, yet respond to every pulse
Of passion'd millions,—as yon slender moon
That scarce commends the modest light it sheds
Through sunset's glory to the grazer's sense,
In all its changes, in eclipse, in storm,
Enthroned in azure, or enriching clouds
That, in their wildest hurry, catch its softness,
Will sway the impulsive ocean, he must rule
By strength allied to weakness, yet supreme,
Man's heaving soul, and bid it ebb and flow
In sorrow, passion, glory, as he mourns,
Struggles or triumphs.

Padilla foundly pictures his noble boy scaling the mountain heights "with step airy and true," amid crumbling fragments that broke to dust beneath each footstep, till he trod

The glassy summit, never touched till then
Save by the bolt that splinter'd it, serene
As if a wing, too fine for mortal sight,
Uphore him, while slant sunbeams graced his brow
With diadem of light.

Plied by appeals to take up the cause of the people, and startled by strange revelations of popular suffering and courtly tyranny, Padilla thus expresses the emotions within which constrain him to compliance with the summons without:

—A new world
Of strange oppressions startles me, as shapes
Of dim humanity, that clustering hung
Along the dusky ridges of the West,
Struck Spain's great Admiral* with awe of na-
tures
From Time's beginning passion'd with desires
He had no line to fathom.

* This is not the only allusion to Columbus in "The Castilian." Queen Joanna dreamily recalls the glorious time when he and his achievements were the theme of every circle:

"Last in vivid speech
Told of August Columbus and the birds
Of dazzling colors that he brought from realms
Far westward, till her fancy seem'd to ache
With its own splendor, and, worn out, she slept
The gentle sleep of childhood; whence, alas!
She woke still more estranged."—Act. IV. Sc. 1.

The Veteran Mondejar, again, speaks of the "age-freighted hours" in which he shared

"Columbus' watch upon the dismal sea,
While the low murmurs of despair were hush'd
To dull submission by the solemn light
Of the great Captain's eye, as from the helm

When Padilla's popular favor is at its zenith, his rival consoles himself and friends with the assurance that its waning hour must, in the nature of things, be nigh:

Believe me, comrade, when the incense floats
Most thickly round the idol's shrine, its fire
Begins to smoulder.

And Padilla, accordingly, soon finds himself deserted by his men, troop after troop, till "left as bare as a thick grove in winter, sadly deck'd by some few desperate friends that, like dank leaves, which, in their fluttering yellow, cleave through rain and frost to moss-clad boughs," will not forsake him. At length, indeed, he "stands apart," in the words of his wife, "in his own majesty, a tower of refuge which beams from Heaven illumine,"—or, in the figure he prefers, "upon the arid sands a desolate mark for the next lightning." The tragedy of his fall makes both figures true: the lightning strikes the tower, but illumines and glorifies while it scathes, and is rather hailed than dreaded, as coming from Heaven, and charged with fleet errand of no merely penal fire.

THE SUPPLEMENT TO "VACATION RAMBLES" consists of Recollections of a Tour through France, *viâ* Paris, Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, to Italy,—where the Rambler visited and gossiped about Genoa and Naples, Capua and Antium, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan,—returning homeward by Switzerland; the "home" at which we leave him being at Lausanne, with Charles Dickens, in the long vacation of 1846. Of Dickens and other be-

It beamed composure, till the world, they sought
Dawn'd in its flashes ere the headland broke
The gloom to common vision."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Nor has the dramatist neglected the opportunity of enlivening his subject with other historical allusions, appropriate to its spirit, and in harmony with the unities of time and place and action. Isabella the Catholic is glowingly portrayed:

"Whom each Castilian holds
Sacred above all living womanhood;—
Her from whose veins Joanna's life was drawn:
Who, o'er the rage of battles and the toils
Of empire, bent an aspect more imbued
With serious beauty earth partakes with heaven,
Than cloister nurtured in the loveliest saint
It shrined from human cares."—Act III, Sc. 2.

Add the following spirited passage in honor of the great Cardinal, Ximenes:

"Who from a cell,
Savagely framed for cruel penance, stepp'd
To the majestic use of courtly arts,
Which luxury makes facile, while he wore
The purple o'er the sackcloth that inflamed
His flesh to torture, with a grace as free
As when it floats o'er worshipp'd womanhood
Or princely youth; he who had learn'd in vigils
Of lonely night, such wisdom for command
Of the world's issues, as if spirits breath'd
The long experiences of wisest statesmen
Into a single breast; who from a soul
Which men imagined withering like his frame
In painful age, pour'd, as from living urn,
Exhaustless courage into soldier's hearts
And made them heroes."—Act III, Sc. 2.

loved or admired contemporaries, there is, as was to be expected from the kind and hearty writer, more than once a loving mention made. In Justice Talfourd literature lost a critic of a generous sort none too rife; indeed, he might almost adopt the words of old Menenius Agrippa:

For I have ever verified my friends
 with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer, nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
 I have tumbled past the throw:

the exemplary error (if error) of the critic being, to magnify merit, or even assume its existence, rather than to be niggard of applause, or scrupulous as to welcome. In these Supplementary Notes, among the complimentary allusions to contemporaries — lawyers, statesmen, priests, actors — we observe one to Lord Campbell, of whose legal arguments it is maintained that, "in comprehensive outline, exact logic, felicitous illustration, and harmonious structure," they excel all it ever fell to the critic's lot to hear; — another to Mr. Gladstone, whose faculty of truth-seeking, "applied to realities and inspired only by the desire to discover the truth, and to clothe it in language, assumes, in the minds of superficial observers, the air of casuistry from the nicety of its distinctions and the earnest desire of the speaker to present truth in its finest shades;" — another to Father Faber, whose society, enjoyed in 1844 in Wordsworth's company, impressed the author of "Ion," with "a delightful recollection of the Christian graces of his deportment and conversation;" — and, to quote an example of variety, another to Mr. Charles Kean, on his *Sardanapalus*, that "triumphant result of pictorial skill, and learning, and taste." Not that the Vacation Rambler is quite innocent of irony and sarcasm, however, when the occasion calls for it. He can say sharp things, for instance, of the external "make up" of Parisian artists, who "invite attention to the irregularities of nature by fantastic devices of art — cutting grizzled beards, red whiskers, and sandy moustaches into startling varieties of shape; bidding the scanty hair to fall over the shoulders in the greasiest of flakes, and affecting every strange combination of dirty and gaudy fashion. It would seem," adds the never ill-natured Rambler, "that personal vanity is so strong in each of these young men, that he thinks his particular deformity consecrated by being his own." With true-blue spirit, again, he records his estimate of a certain portrait at Versailles: "The recent naval achievements of France were irradiated by a portrait of the Prince Joinville, standing on the prow of a glittering ship, in our common sailor's neatest attire — tight blue jacket, open collar, loose black neckcloth, and snow-white trousers — the exact costume in which a very young lady dances the hornpipe in the *Spoil'd Child* — the type of dandified melodramatic seamanship." Lamartine is alluded to as the gentleman "who for a few days looked so glorious, and has since found that a nation cannot be governed by fine words." Mr. Holman, "the blind traveller," whom the

Rambler met at Lyons, is none the more admired as a traveller for being blind, notwithstanding his own view of the subject. Of the Milanese Exhibition of the paintings of young Italy, he says: "It was intolerably radiant in color, abounding in skies of deeper blue than Italy rejoices in, woods of the liveliest green, and ships and cities of amber; altogether a collection of gaudy impossibilities, few of which would be admitted at Birmingham." Of Naples he says: "How it is possible for English men and women to pass months in such a place, and 'bless their stars and call it luxury,' even if the satiated mosquitoes give them leave to sleep, is a mystery which has doubtless a solution — which I sought in vain." As he lingers, at evening, in St. Peter's at Rome, he sees three priests kiss the foot of the statue of Jupiter-Cephas, and kneel down before it, as if to pray; but next, "to our surprise, notwithstanding our experience of continental habits, each began zealously spitting on the beautiful pavement, as if it was a portion of his duty — I fear illustrating the habits which a priesthood, possessed of unlimited power, encourages by its example." This is not the Judge's only paper pellet at Romanism in the present itinerary.

To these illustrations of his mild indulgence in sarcasm and rebuke, let us add one more, referring to the hotel-book at the Montanvert, in which travellers inscribe their names, and some "perpetuate their folly for a few autumns. Among these fugitive memorials, was one ambitious scrawl of a popular and eloquent divine, whereby, in letters almost an inch long, and in words which I cannot precisely remember, he recorded his sense of the triumphant refutation given to Atheism by the *Mer de Glace*, intimating his conviction, that, wherever else doubts of the being of Deity might be cherished, they must yield to the grandeur of the spot; and attesting the logic by his name in equally magnificent characters." The Rambler appends his opinion that this poetical theist had wholly misapprehended the Great First Cause, and supposes him to imagine, that in proportion as the marks of order and design are withdrawn, the vestiges of Deity become manifest; — "as if the smallest insect that the microscope ever expanded for human wonder did not exhibit more conclusive indications of the active wisdom and goodness of a God than a magnificent chaos of elemental confusion." It is not for us to assume what the popular and eloquent divine may actually have meant; but at least we can suppose the Rambler to have misapprehended him, especially as he is oblivious of the wording of the entry: may not the pulpit poet have drawn his impression of a present God from the feelings, not the thoughts, inspired by the sublimities around him — from the sentiments of awe, the mysterious emotions of adoring wonder, the yearnings of religious worship, excited by such a scene, and by no means from a cold adjustment of logical mechanics, worked out by harmonious junction of Paley, Whately, and pocket microscope? Coleridge was not thinking of logic when he wrote (or translated, or adapted, — what you will) his Hymn before Sunrise, in

the vale of Chamouni; and we can suppose the small poet (saving his Reverence) who wrote such a big hand, and whose theism seemed to his censor so out-of-place (of all places in the world) at the Montanvert, to have really meant very much the same as S. T. C., when he exclaimed,

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

* * * *

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

The same honest avowal of indifference or distaste, wherever indifference or distaste was felt, which characterized Sir Thomas Talfourd's former "Rambles," is patent here also. It is refreshing to note his candid acknowledgments in every such case. No man was more ready, more eager even, to express in the most cordial way his satisfaction wherever it was felt; but he was above the trick of affecting an enthusiasm he did not feel. He found Versailles "tiresome," and he says so; the "huge morning" he spent there seemed "dragged out into eternity;" and its only consolation was the zest its tediousness imparted to a subsequent resort to claret and champagne. In the Bay of Naples he owns that he has "been more deeply charmed by smaller and less famous bays." At Herculaneum he was "grievously disappointed," and was almost as glad to emerge from its "cold and dark passages that led to nothing," as from a railway tunnel. The dome of St. Peter's, when he first caught sight of it, on the road from Antium, "looked like a haycock," he says, "but soon afterwards assumed the improved aspect of a cow on the top of a malt-house." Entering Rome, he found the "famed Italian sky as filthy as a London fog;" he bewails the only too decisive contrast between the Capitol unvisited and the Capitol explored; and is indignant, for Coriolanus's sake, with that impostor and receptacle for vegetable refuse, the Tarpeian Hill. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" he could see "no presiding majesty; no balance of parts; nothing that stamps even the reality of a moment on the conception; nothing in this great handwriting on the wall 'to make mad the guilty and appal the free.'" The "Laocoon" he looked on with anything but a Winkelman's gaze. And in short, to leave Rome "was to escape," he confesses, "from a region of enchantment into the fresh air of humanity and nature; and, humiliating as the truth may be, I quitted it for ever without a sigh."

For ever! A new and touching emphasis is imparted to the phrase by the stroke which so suddenly laid the kind writer low. With the so recent memory of that stroke, it may seem frivolous, or worse, if we mention as another noticeable point in the "Rambles" his ever freely recorded appreciation of good cheer. But how take account of the "Rambles" at all, and not refer to this feature in the Rambler's indi-

viduality?—not, be it observed, that he was a "gastronome," but that he was healthily void of reserve in jotting down his interest in gastronomics. It had been unpardonable in Boswell to omit Dr. Johnson's creed and practice in this line of things. "Some people," quoth the sage, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." So averred a Rambler of last century; a Plain Speaker on this as on most other topics. Now the Rambler with whom we have to do was guiltless of this "foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind." If, at Dieppe, he had to put up with a "coarse breakfast of blackish bread, cold boiled mutton, and straw-colored coffee," he thought it a thing to be put down—in his book. He confesses how a due sense of "the eternal fitness of things" enforced on him the duty of drinking the best Burgundy he could procure in Dijon, "in gay defiance to the fever which so strangely but surely lurks beneath the 'sunset glow' of that insidious liquor;" how he "enjoyed some coffee and cutlets" at Lyons; how "dinner came to his inexpressible relief" at Avignon; how wistfully he looked about in the dreary kitchen of a quasi-inn, but all in vain, "for a fitch of bacon, or a rope of onions, or a mouldy cheese to hint of something that some one might eat, or for a battered pewter-pot, or even a rim of liquor-stain on a bench or table to indicate that once upon a time something had been drank there." Gratefully he recalls the fare on board of the steamer to Genoa; the sumptuous breakfast at ten; "then four dishes of exquisite French cookery, with a bottle of clear amber-colored dry Italian wine for each person, followed by a dessert of fresh grapes and melons or peaches, and rich dried fruits, with coffee and liquors," etc.; while "at five in the afternoon, dinner was served with similar taste, but with greater variety and profusion." At Genoa, he says, "To secure a dinner—the first object of a sensible man's selfish purpose—by obtaining the reversion of seats at a table d'hôte, we toiled as good men do after the rewards of virtue." At the same place, the terrible brilliancy of the sunlight "scared him from the fatigues of sight-seeing, and "unnerved" him "for anything but dinner. That was welcome, though coarsely conceived and executed," etc. At the ancient capital of the Volsci, the fatal asylum of Coriolanus,—“although black stale bread and shapeless masses of rough-hewn mutton and beef boiled to the consistency of leather, flanked by bottles of the smallest infra-acid wine, constituted our fare, we breakfasted with the enjoyment of the Homeric rage, and were deaf to wise suggestions that we should be obliged to dine in Rome." In a rude inn at Montefiascone, "we satisfied the rage of hunger with a coarse and plentiful repast of fish, beef boiled to leather, and greasy beans, accompanied by a pale white wine of an acidity more pungent than ever elsewhere gave man an unmerited heartburn." In an old palatial inn at Radicofani, "we enjoyed a breakfast of hard black bread, a large platter of eggs, some

boiled beef of the usual consistency, and a great skinny fowl swimming in yellowish butter, with the true relish of hunger." Further illustrations are not wanting; and, not wanted.

Something like a qualm of conscience we feel, at leaving this book, without affording means of neutralizing the impression producible by such shreds of literal table-talk, by a set-off of examples of the writer's grave and reflective mood, such as, the reader is cautioned, are fairly interspersed in the course of the Rambles. Half a dozen at the least we had marked for citation, but now is space exhausted, and we can only therefore refer to the Rambler's meditations on the career of Sir William Follett, on Philo-Romanism, and other occasional musings suggested by sights and sounds in foreign travel. And another huge omission must crave the pardon it deserves not; that of the descriptive sketches of scenery and men and manners, often pencilled with a grace and animation that make the omission more unpardonable still.

From Household Words.

BEEF, MUTTON, AND BREAD.

A COUNCIL composed of noble and gentle amateurs; a sprinkling of real farmers; a library of books on agriculture which few read; models of implements which few examine; and samples of seeds for which few inquire—these are the components of the Royal Agricultural Society as it exists in a dingy mansion in Hanover Square, London. For eleven months of the year its only sign of life is an occasional discussion, from which reporters for the public press are inflexibly excluded; but, on the twelfth there follows, thanks to railroads, a July fortnight of real agricultural work. Then the whole agricultural element of the district chosen for the annual show is set fermenting by the presence of the most agricultural members of the society, and a general invitation to all England to come forward and compete for prizes with their agricultural implements and live stock. This year the great agricultural holiday was held at Lincoln—once the nucleus of Roman roads; now in the centre of one of the finest farming districts in the country, and connected by railways with every county between Plymouth and Aberdeen.

Eighty-four years ago, Arthur Young, one of the most far-seeing and graphic writers on English agriculture, made the journey from Peterborough to Lincoln on horseback, occupying twice as many days as a railway train takes hours; following ancient ways; partly of Roman construction, and passing over causeways through seas of fresh water, which now, thanks to the Cornish steam engines, have been drained into fat pastures, where, on every acre, an ox or cow bred far north, can be fattened for the London market.

As I approached Lincoln to be present at the fourteen days' show, the evidences of the Past and Present met me on either hand. Of the present, in the shape of solemn but amiable-looking bulls, carefully clothed in slices of Brussels

carpet, hemmed and edged with tape; heifers of equally pure blood, and Leicester and South Down sheep, all riding comfortably in railway trucks. A real monument of the Past rose on Dunston Heath: Dunston Tower, erected in the last century as a lighthouse to guide travellers across the black moor between Spilsby and Lincoln—a waste then, but now the centre of farming as fine as any in Europe; at least so I was told by a tall, rosy, wiry, pleasant-faced farmer, in a full suit of shepherd's plaid. And here I must note that the real John Bull farmer, whom artists of a waning school depict in top-boots, seated before a foaming jug of nut-brown ale, and beside the portrait of a prize ox, seems to be improved out of the country. My closest researches at Lincoln did not discover a single specimen.

There was no mistake about the character of the meeting: it did not require top-boots to indicate that it was not scientific, nor antiquarian, nor literary, nor military, nor commercial; but, that it was simply and solely agricultural. The whole multitude of strangers who crowded the street—studying the Latin motto of "Floreat Lindum" inscribed in red letters upon white calico, on the arch of evergreens, or holding conversations round the steps of the hotels—had a breezy, out-of-door, healthy, tallyhoish appearance. Black, bay, and gray horses, of huge proportions, gaily adorned with ribbons (the unmistakable sires of London dray-horses), were led carefully along towards the show ground by the only top-boots extant. Roan Short-horns, red Devons, and white-faced Hereford bulls; cows with interesting calves, and plump heifers, paced along with a deliberation and placidity worthy of their high breeding. It is only young Highland kyloes and Scotch runts that played wild tricks, and scampered, as Leigh Hunt said of certain pigs, down all manner of streets. Anon came a select pen of ewes, or a ram, conducted with the sort of care we can imagine the sultan's guard to bestow on an importation of plump Circassian beauties.

Guided out of sight of the bovine and ovine procession by the shrill squeal of discontented Yorkshire pigs, nearly as large as, and much heavier than, Alderney cows; across the bridge over that Witham stream, through which Romans, and Danes, and Saxons, and Normans, successively rowed on their way to Peterborough; along a gray and dusty road, where stood those wonderful works of art, dear to my childhood's dreams; Wombwellian wild beasts painted on acres of canvas, in the most exciting situations; at length I reached the show yard. The parallelogram of some four acres contained an epitome of the materials and tools which make British agriculture what it is. There were instruments for cultivating all sorts of soils; and live stock which can be sent to the butcher's in one-fourth the time that our ancestors found indispensable for producing fat meat. In natural course the implements came before the stock which they have helped to bring to perfection.

The first operation for bringing our food into a condition fit for the butcher or the baker is to turn over the soil; for which the best implement that has yet been invented is a plough. In the

Lincoln yard there were no less than thirty-nine sorts of iron ploughs, for every degree of work, from scratching the turf to turning up the earth twenty inches deep. Those who have seen the rude ploughs still in use in the south of France and Italy (where the team is often composed of a dwarf milch cow, a donkey, and a wife; the husband holding the one stilt) will be surprised to learn that in seventeen hundred and thirty a plough was made at Rotherham which was better than those even now in use in the worst cultivated counties of England and Wales; and that, so far back as sixteen hundred and seventy-seven, subsoiling or loosening the earth very deep, so as to let water fall through and fibres of roots to penetrate—one of the most valuable improvements of modern agriculture, which we now owe to Smith of Deanston—was practised by a young man of Kent. But in agriculture, above all other useful arts, improvements and inventions not only travel slowly, but are often despised during the life-time of the inventor; and, after him, are forgotten.

The frame of the most approved ploughs is made of wrought, the share of cast iron, case-hardened; the coulter, or cutting-knife, being of iron and steel. They are provided with wheels. It requires three or four ploughs, of different construction, to do the work of a single farm thoroughly.

After the ground has been ploughed it requires to be broken into as fine a condition as possible, to receive seed. For this purpose, on the continent and in Australia, a thick bush is often used, such as *Gervase Markham*, writing in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight recommends in his *Farewell to Husbandry*. "Get," saith he, "a pretty big whitethorne tree, and make sure it be wonderful thick, bushy, and rough grown." The bushy tree was thrown aside for a harrow of wooden spikes; which has since been superseded by instruments of iron, such as harrows and scufflers, or scarifiers, by which the soil is cleaned, stirred, and broken up to a due degree of fineness. Of these several sorts of earth-torturers there were thirty-five exhibitors at Lincoln. With such a choice there is no difficulty in selecting implements which, whatever the quality of the soil, will pulverize the clods left by the plough, clear away the weeds and roots, and cover with earth the seeds sown over the surface.

Next in order come a set of machines invented in consequence of the introduction of such portable manures as guano, nitrate of soda, soot, salt, superphosphate, etc., which it may be advisable to distribute broad-cast or in a liquid state. A few years ago the farmer was entirely dependant on farm-yard manure; which, still valuable, is bulky, expensive to move, and even when dug in, not sufficiently stimulating for certain crops. It is advantageous, for instance, to force forward turnips with great rapidity, in order to place them beyond the ravages of the fly. To this end chemistry is always at work to find or to compound new manures. Bones were a great discovery in their day; but now, fossil bones of antediluvian beasts are, with sulphuric acid, made useful for growing roots to feed Christmas bullocks. Bones were the earliest portable manure

used for turnips,—first nearly whole; then crushed; next, on the suggestion of a great chemist, dissolved in sulphuric acid; and now distributed over the land in a water drill. Portable manures are expensive, and machine distribution is more regular and economical than hand casting. At Lincoln, mechanical invention was found keeping pace with chemical discoveries. Ten sorts of machines were there for distributing portable manures in a dry state, the last and best being the invention of a young Norfolk farmer, and constructed by a village blacksmith.

The ground manured, is ready for seed. In certain cases both are put in at the same time. The ancient sower—whose race is not wholly extinct—fastened the seed round his waist and shoulder with a sheet, and dexterously cast the grain right and left as he traversed the field; but, in seventeen hundred and thirty-three *Jethro Tull*, who nearly touched without actually grasping, some of the greatest improvements in agriculture, invented a corn and turnip-drill and a horse-hoe for ridging up and clearing weeds away; an operation only to be done by hand-labor after broad-cast sowing. But in this he was before his time. Yet his contrivance has since been adopted and improved upon sufficiently to yield samples at Lincoln, from thirty exhibitors. Among them were three liquid manure or water drills, which were invented about ten years ago, and pushed into notice within three. These are now making rapid way among the turnip sowers in light, level, dry districts.

The horse-hoe naturally follows the drill, whether to scuffle up weeds or to embank earth along side of roots. Formerly the great obstacle to the use of implements which enable farm work to be done by mechanism, was a state of society and a system of poor-laws which gave the farmer no choice between paying poor-rates or wages for laborers he was better without; but farmers in eighteen hundred and fifty-four have no fear of surplus labor or of overwhelming poor-rates; consequently, specimens of twenty horse-hoes of every degree of ingenuity were scrutinized at Lincoln, and largely purchased. The latest invention was a rotary hoe, invented last year by a Norfolk farmer, which thins out turnips with marvellous swiftness and exactness; thus promising to supersede the degrading hand labor of the Norfolk gangs of boys and girls.

After crops are fairly sown, hoed, and weeded, the next operation is gathering: this brings us to carts and wagons; the wheels of which are made by machinery, at some of the large implement factories, at the rate of thousands per annum. Twenty-one horse carts were shown; and it is to be hoped that by degrees the lumbering, ill-balanced vehicles seen in the many English and Irish counties will be superseded by the light Scotch cart.

But before carting comes mowing, and reaping, and haymaking. In grass-mowing no machine has yet superseded the scythe. But every year spreads more widely the use of the haymaking machine, a revolving cylinder with prongs, which, driven by a horse, lightly tosses the grass, and saves half the work of the haymaker. Four such machines by different makers were shown;

the best were ordered in greater number than the makers could execute. This machine, like the horse-rake (of which a dozen were displayed in the Lincoln yard), is one of the simple implements that every farmer short of his usual supply of Irish laborers (now better employed in tilling the backwoods of America) should use; for it can be kept in order without the help of a skilled mechanic.

The history of the reaping machine, from the days of Pliny to the contrivance of the Scotch minister, Bell, is too large and interesting to be dismissed in a paragraph. It must for the present be enough to say that in the field-trials at Lincoln there was nothing more exciting or comical than the straggling competition between the machine reapers, when they charged into the standing corn, and cut and laid it down ready for the binders at the rate of at least two acres per hour. But some other time the story of the reaper—a real romance—must be told.

Passing now from the field to the rick yard, the rick-stand must not be overlooked. It is a pillar and mushroom cap of stone or iron, to life the rick from the ground; and to cheat—as we learnt at the late Durham Assizes—rats and mice of no less than forty per cent. of the grain per annum; yet hundreds of farmers will not spend a few shillings on rick-stands.

From the rick the next step is to the barn machinery; and what a step!—from the clay thrashing floor, and the flail stupefying the thrasher and wasting the corn; and the rude winnowing machine dependant on a breezy day, to the beautiful steam-driven machines, by which corn is thrashed, winnowed, sacked and weighed, while the straw is hoisted to the straw-loft, to be there, if needful, by the same steam power, and by one operation, cut into chaff for cattle. At Lincoln there were upwards of twenty-five thrashing machines exhibited, the greater number of which would thrash corn at about ninepence a quarter, or less than half the cost of hand-labor. Yet it is only within the last five years that this machine driven by steam-power has invaded some of the best corn-growing counties in England.

Last in the list come steam-engines, which steam food, cut chaff, pulp roots, thrash grain, raise loads, pump water, and drive liquid manure through pipes, at an insignificant expense; permitting a farmer to be always ready to send his crops to market at short notice. Without pretending to examine the bewildering conjunctions of cranks and wheels, the mere fact of five and twenty steam engines entered for agricultural use, at prices beginning at one hundred pounds, shows the road the British farmer is now marching. Ten years ago, half a dozen agricultural steam-engines, consuming double the quantity of fuel now required, were gazed upon—in England, though not in Scotland—as curiosities. Now it pays twenty-five makers to send these weighty specimens as showcards to farmers whenever and wherever the Royal Agricultural Society holds its meetings.

The criticism of the practical men who travelled from all parts of the kingdom to review the implement show at Lincoln, proved that a

large number of farmers had fully discovered the value of coal and iron—that coal and iron are as effectual in producing motive power for agricultural operations as for driving spinning jennies and propelling steam vessels. There is still at least one hundred years of darkness and prejudice between the districts where such sentiments are held, and where the wooden wheelless plough, the clumsy harrow, broadcast sowing, hand-hoeing, flail-thrashing, undrained land, and ill-housed stock, are the rule. Not that any number of implements, or the study of any number of books, will make a farmer. Science, to be useful, must be sown on a practical and fruitful soil. The keenest steel axe must be wielded by a practised hand.

Having raised our crops by a good use of the implements in the Lincoln yard, we must now turn to the live stock.

The short-horns—arranged in order, bulls, cows with calves, and heifers, in the rich variety of color peculiar to the aristocracy of the ox tribe—come first in view. Some strawberry roan, some red and white, some milk-white; but all so much alike in form and face, that, to the uninitiated, the roan bulls might be all brothers, and the white cows all sisters. Short legs, vast, round carcasses, flat backs, not an angle nor a point, except at the muzzle and the horns, are the characteristics of the descendants of Collings's Durhams. A little farther on, the bulls, quite as large, are the Herefords, red, with white faces, and here and there white bellies; the cows smaller, with less of a dairy look than the short-horns. Third in order appear the Devons, in color one deep red, with deer-like heads; plump but delicate and small in stature. These three breeds, of which a hundred and seventy-one specimens were sent, represent the best beef that England, after about a hundred years of pains and experiment, can raise. All English herds of cattle maintained on first-rate farms are one of these three breeds—short-horns, Herefords, or Devons. Scotland has breeds of its own. The Argyle ox in his improved shape, is one of the legacies of Duke Archibald, Jeannie Dean's friend, bred on the hills and vales of the Highlands, and which, fattened in the private yards of Lincoln, Norfolk and Bedford, produces beef second to none. The Ayrshire cow is unrivalled for dairy use. But, as these are not bred in England, they do not come into competition in a show of English breeding stock.

The sheep shown for prizes are subject to as few divisions as the cattle. There are pure Leicesters (once called the New Leicesters; but the old have all died out); the long-wools, not being Leicesters, of which the prime victors are all Cotswolds; and the short-wools, or South Downs, a class under which rivals from Wiltshire and Norfolk compete with Sussex, the cradle of the improved breed. As for pigs, they are divided into large and small only, although known by many names.

Considering how much of our domestic happiness and public prosperity is dependant on a supply of prime beef in steaks, sirloins, and rounds; on chops, legs, and saddles of mutton; on streaky rashers, and Yorkshire and Cumber-

land hams, it will not be time wasted to explain how it comes to pass that in every county of the kingdom there are to be found not only wealthy amateurs, but practical farmers, who devote their whole time to producing prime animals of pure blood, not always at a profit; and how the country gains from stock so plump, cubical, and unpicturesque; for it is not to be gainsaid that the wild cattle of the Roman Campagna or the Andalusian pastures are more suited to figure as models for the painter than under the knife of the carver. A Yorkshire farmer remarked, when shown the Toro Farnese, that "there could n't be many prime cuts sliced out of him."

By the exertions of only a few zealous agriculturists, during the last hundred years, good meat has been placed within the reach of the people at large. The roast beef of Old England, which some fancy to have been the ordinary fare of our ancestors in the days of Queen Bess, was really and truly the tough and tasteless produce of lean, black, worn-out draught oxen, or leathery old cows, and that only procurable fresh for four months in the year. Those who have travelled in the south of Europe or on the Rhine, have seen the greyhound-like pigs, the lean, gaunt sheep, the angular and active cows unincumbered with sirloins and almost destitute of lungs, which pick up a miserable existence on the roadsides. A hundred years ago, with a few rare exceptions, the ordinary breeds of live stock in Great Britain were just as lean, ill-shaped, and slow-growing. And to those who inquire what we have gained by the enthusiasm with which noblemen and gentlemen have followed cattle-breeding, it can be answered, that the ox, which used to be with difficulty fattened at six years old, is now presentable in superlative condition upon the Christmas board at three years old. The sheep which formerly fed in summer and starved in winter, until five years old, are now fit for the butcher in twenty months, with a better and more even fleece. And the pig which formerly ran races until two years had passed, is now fit for the knife after eating and sleeping comfortably and cleanly as a gentleman should, for nine months only.

This change has been brought about partly by the improvement of our agriculture, a closer study of the habits of animals, and an increased supply of food placed within our reach by extended commerce, and a rational system of customs duties; and partly by discoveries in the art of breeding. Formerly our cattle and sheep were entirely dependant on natural herbage for their food. In summer they grew fat, in winter they starved and grew thin; having nothing to depend on but such hay as could be saved. The first great step, therefore, towards the improvement of cattle was the employment of the turnip and other roots which could be stored in winter. An experienced farmer calculates that with roots, oxen improve nearly one fourth more than those fed on hay alone. The use of turnips enabled sheep to be fed where nothing but gorse or rushes grew before. Neal, the mechanic, stepped in with a chaff-cutter, prepared hay and straw to mix with roots, and, with a turnip cut-

ter, saved six months in getting sheep ready for the kitchen.

The use of a dry, palatable, nutritious food, called oil-cake, which could be carried into the field to sheep to help out a short crop, followed; and further studies proved the use of peas, and beans, and foreign pulse in giving lambs bone and muscle. It was found, too, by experiment, that warm feeding yards saved food; that, in short, the best way of getting stock into prime condition was to feed them well, to attend to their health, and never, from their earliest days, to allow them to get thin.

But before these discoveries had been made, the breeds of English live-stock were in regular course of improvement. No kind of food can make an ill-bred, ill-shaped beast fat in time to be profitable. Just as some men are more inclined to get fat than others, so are some animals; and, by selecting individuals of proper shape with this tendency, certain breeds have been stereotyped into a never-failing type: that type in an ox and sheep is one which presents the largest extent of prime meat and least amount of offal; or, as a South Down breeder expressed it—"a perfect sheep should be, as nearly as possible, all legs and loins of mutton."

To make this improvement, required a certain talent, enthusiasm, and years of patience. Breeders of pure stock, like mechanical inventors, do not, on an average, make money. On the contrary, for the pleasure of the pursuit and the hope of success, they expend large fortunes; while a few win great prizes. But the country gains enormously in result; for now, the same space of ground will feed more than twice the quantity of beef and mutton that it would fifty years ago. The animals not only come to maturity in half the time; but, fed partly in yards or stalls, they spoil less ground with treading, and return to the soil highly concentrated and productive manure.

The first man who made stock-breeding a fashionable pursuit—and that is a great thing in a country where fashion rules too much—was Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, in Leicestershire, the son and grandson of farmers; but, if we mistake not, himself a barrister. With horned cattle he aimed at the cardinal improvements which are now universally established and admitted in this country where the growth of meat—less than the dairy, as in Holland and Switzerland—is the principal object. He tried to produce a large cylindrical body, small head, small neck, small extremities, and small bone. He said that all was useless that was not beef; and sought, by choosing and pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively small, and the hind quarters large, which is exactly the reverse of animals allowed to breed freely, and to gallop at liberty over wide pastures. Even the cattle of Australia, bred from pure specimens, after running wild for a few generations, begin to lose the fine sirloins of their English ancestors, growing tough and stringy for the spit in proportion as they become active.

In sheep, Mr. Bakewell declared that his ob-

ject was mutton, not wool; and, disregarding mere size which is a vulgar test of merit, he chose animals which had that external form which is a sign of producing the most muscle and fat, and the least bone; and, by careful selection and breeding, he stamped a form on the Leicester sheep which it retains to this day.

The South Downs, doubtless an indigenous breed, feed on the bare pasture of the southern coast, produce a fine quality of meat, and a close short wool. It was the turnip that rendered feeding the South Down while young possible. The great improvement began with John Ellman of Glynde, near Lewes, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty. He preserved the form of the original breed, but corrected the too great height of the fore-quarters, widened the chest, made the back broader, the ribs more curved, and the trunk more symmetrical and compact. The ancestors of the present race were rarely killed until the third or fourth year. They are now sent to execution at two years, and sometimes even at fifteen months old. They have since spread far; superseding the breeds of Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, crossing and altering the Shropshire, extending into Dorsetshire, Surrey, Norfolk, Devonshire, Herefordshire, Wales, and even toward Westmoreland and Cumberland, and have improved all the breeds of blackfaced heath sheep.

The crowning events in the history of beef

and mutton bring us back to agricultural shows; which were established by James Duke of Bedford at Woburn, and by Mr. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, at Holkham. At these "sheepshearings" the great houses were thrown open to agriculturists of all countries and counties. Stock were displayed, implements were tried, prizes were distributed, and gentlemen of rank and fortune, of all opinions and politics, threw themselves with enthusiasm into agricultural discussions, and enjoyed the excitement of hospitality, competition, and applause. For instance, in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, we find in the Gentleman's Magazine, in an account of a Woburn sheepshearing, held on the twenty-first of June, names since become classical in connection with pure breeds: Coke of Norfolk; Quartley, from Devonshire; Parsons, from Somersetshire; Ellman, from Sussex; worthy successors, in the cattle-breeding art, of Bakewell, the brothers Collings, Tompkins, Lord Somerville, and several others. "From one hundred to a hundred and ninety sat down to dinner for five days successively. Premiums for cattle, sheep, and ploughing were distributed, and his Grace let above seventy South Down and new Leicester rams for one thousand pounds. The conversation was entirely agricultural, and the question was discussed whether the new Leicester or the South Down were the better breed of sheep."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see,
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unrais'd for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sounds that hither float;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our lov'd ones in their rest;

They've cross'd Time's River—now no more

They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share:
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

"OWE-NOTHING SOCIETY."—A Southern editor advertises that he wishes to unite himself to an "Owe-nothing Society," and hopes all his subscribers will do likewise. The Christian Secretary adds to the above:—"we should be glad to join such a society ourselves, but cannot do so without the cooperation of all our subscribers."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RAGS.—We have seen some specimens of paper prepared for Mr. Andres, of Chamby, the discoverer, from "Life-Everlasting"—cudweed, which abounds in this district. There can be no more difficulty in preparing paper direct from vegetable substances than from rags prepared from vegetable substances, and we especially direct the attention of paper makers to his discovery, which cannot fail to cheapen the cost of producing most excellent paper. The paper prepared from cudweed, is exceedingly tough, and beautifully smooth.—[Quebec Observer.

This material has, we believe, been tried with success elsewhere.

From the New York Courier.

THE CHINESE IMMIGRATION AND EDUCATION IN JAMAICA.

The immigration of Chinese laborers is receiving much attention in Jamaica, and the people of that Island, alive to the importance of increasing its laboring population, and having suffered many evils from the mismanagement of former immigrations, are watching with great interest the present experiment, and endeavoring to turn their past experience to good account in obviating the evils likely to arise from a large influx of ignorant foreign laborers. The agriculture of the island has long suffered for want of laborers, and the recent departure of many laborers stimulated by the hope of gold in California or the offer of high wages on the Isthmus, has made the evil more obvious. Many attempts have been made to introduce laborers, both by bringing them from Europe, and by introducing into the island the negroes captured in slavers. But no care was taken to provide for them in the island. Low wages were given, no means of education were provided, and when the diseases incident upon acclimation spread among the deceived and unhappy immigrants, they were left alone and unaided to die, and the survivors became an evil, instead of a benefit to the island.

In 1852, the Legislature of Jamaica passed an act for the encouragement of Chinese immigration, and creating a fund of £100,000, the interest upon which was to be paid by an export duty on produce, to defray the expenses of introducing the immigrants into the island. One cargo of laborers has already been introduced from China, and it is now contemplated to transport the Chinese laborers on the Panama Railroad, who are represented as being much dissatisfied with their situation, to the island. The cost of transportation from Panama is £6 per head; from China, £18. In view of the great number of these people who will soon be brought into the island, the Jamaica papers are discussing the means of making them a permanent benefit to the island, not as supplying a present demand for labor only, but as fixed, industrious, and educated inhabitants, reclaimed from their ignorance and superstition, and fit to become useful members of society. They protest against their being considered merely of importance to make rum and sugar, and call upon the Government to provide means for their education, and the people to devote some attention to civilizing and Christianizing them. A festival of some 300 Hindoo coolies, who joined in celebrating the rites of some heathen divinity, in their joy at the cessation of the cholera, is noticed, and the agents who have charge over them are blamed; and the neglect in the matter of instructing the heathen labor-

ers is considered of sufficient importance to require the interposition of Governmental authority. It is certain that many advantages for Christianizing these people are given by their being placed immediately within reach of a Christian community, and by their being removed from the influences which are around them in their native land,—that of caste among the Hindoos, and of friends and persecution in all heathen lands. The people of Jamaica have the power in their hands of doing much not only for those who come among them, but even for the civilization of Asiatic countries. For the Chinese always leave their homes with the intention of returning when they have gained some property; and thus they would carry back the seeds of Christianity, and scatter them over all that vast empire. Some interesting facts in regard to the Chinese are given in the directions of the agent of immigration in China, for the treatment of those who are brought to Jamaica. They are characterized as being eager to acquire money, and to elevate themselves in the social scale. They are not servile, but all have an air of independence. They all intend, when leaving, to return at some future day, and are always anxious to communicate with home, and to send back some of their earnings. Hence, *families* never emigrate, nor women, except as slaves; and this is the greatest evil attending immigration, and the greatest bar to a permanent settlement. Yet it is hoped it may be overcome by so treating them as to give them a favorable opinion of Jamaica. In conclusion, he says that they are obedient and easily managed, as long as they are treated well, and their peculiar habits not interfered with; but when harshly used, they become careless of their own lives and those of others.

In connection with the discussions on the education of the imported laborers, we notice a movement of the utmost importance to the island, and one which will be looked upon with interest throughout the civilized world. It is no less than a movement for the education of the emancipated blacks,—the free peasantry of Jamaica. And this movement possesses the more interest, that it is not merely the work of the authorities and the educated people of the island, but is participated in by the peasantry themselves, who propose to bear their share of the expenses which would be necessary to carry out the scheme. Every one knows the results which followed the emancipation, and which might have been expected from suddenly setting free an ignorant and degraded people, *without providing any means for their education*, or, as the Kingston Journal says, "when all that has been done to improve them, has consisted in making the penal code more stringent, year after year." But a great change has taken place, not only

in the readiness of the higher classes to provide means of education, but in the willingness of the peasantry to receive it. A meeting on this subject was held in the parish of St. David's, at the instance of the peasantry themselves. A majority of those attending the meeting, and of the speakers, were of this class, although the higher classes were well represented, and several of the magistrates and clergy of the parish were present. After several speeches on the importance of education to the masses, and the great benefit which would have been derived from the adoption of some system of general education at the era of emancipation, resolutions were adopted declaring the importance of general instruction, and pledging the members of all classes to bear their share of the necessary expenses. The papers think that this is the commencement of a second emancipation, no less important than the first, for the blacks of the West Indies.

A full report of the meeting is given in the Kingston Morning Journal of September 5th.

From the Examiner, 23 Sept.

THE GERMANS AND THE WAR.

DISTRUSTING the Emperor of Austria — despising the King of Prussia — hating, scorning, and laughing at the minor princes — offended at France and England — the Germans refuse to share in the war against Russia. The princes believe it to be for their interests to act this shabby part; and the thinking portion of the people will not raise their voices to prevent it, because they have no sentiment of national dignity. Even when they believed the young Emperor in earnest, they shrank from applauding him. "Austria is not, and never can become, or represent Germany; and Austria as well as Russia betrayed Germany at Frankfort." So expressed itself, at that moment, the feeling of the German people.

In spite of its intelligence, its learning, its thought, its activity, its riches, Germany is stultified. As "man does not live by bread alone," so a people does not become a nation either by education or industry. It is by free institutions, by free action, by free thought, by self-government, generating a common sentiment in which all sympathize, that a national heart is made to vibrate; and until the basis of a representative system be laid in Germany, either as a whole or in its separate parts, Germany will remain — notwithstanding all its enlightenment — the stronghold of European despotism.

Forgoeful of the great truth that it is not in the stars, but in themselves "that they are thus," the Germans wait for "the hour and the man."

Better emigrate *en masse* to the backwoods of America, and leave their princes alone in their unteachable folly.

But for this general apathy of the people, affairs could not continue in their present position. Though opinion throughout Germany is generally adverse to Russia, and favorable (in a much less degree, however) to the Anglo-French alliance, it would be idle to resist the evidence on all sides that the German people itself has no great desire to take a part in the war. Hence it is that the princes, and above all the King of Prussia, are able to play the part they do. The Germans, indeed, as heartily despise that prince as does the rest of Europe; but their contempt of him does not date from the rupture with Russia; it goes back to 1848-9. They then thought him, and treated him, as one of a family of heroes, and offered him the crown of Germany. Alas! like Caliban, they discovered they had taken a drunkard for a god; and the vision — perhaps the delusion — of German unity disappeared. The king of Prussia, in those days, thrice humiliated Germany: once at Frankfort, then at Cassel, and then at Holstein; and from that bitter humiliation they have not yet recovered. They are oppressed with the sense of self-degradation; they feel there is no Germany; and unless for Germany the Germans cannot be roused. Here, undoubtedly, lies the principal secret of their present apathy; and of it the "spirited young Emperor," Prussia's unworthy king, and the selfish, stupid, minor princes, are all taking full advantage.

But the Germans feel something more than this sense of self-degradation — this consciousness that neither they themselves, nor their then demigod, rose to the emergency of a crisis which they and he created. Besides the blush of shame which arises in almost every German face when you speak of their sad misuse of the opportunities of 1848-9, you have also to encounter resentment, not alone for the passive indifference of England to their patriotic struggles, but for the active part which England and France took in the affair of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which are threatening again to force themselves on the attention of Europe. That question had a far greater significance in Germany than it had out of it. With us it meant the preservation of the kingdom of Denmark; in Germany it was the symbol of the Unity. "Germany for the Germans," was the idea it involved; and that established, a great point would have been gained. The loss or retention of the Duchies was then a pivot on which turned other and far greater questions: it was the touchstone of nationality.

England and France may have been right or wrong in the policy they pursued — that is a matter we have long ago discussed — but

their policy deeply wounded the pride of Germany. The professors, the philosophers, the students of Germany cursed the Western Powers in their hearts when the Duchies were annexed by an European act to Denmark; and even other, more sober and less excitable politicians, saw in the proceeding the hostility of France and England to German unity and nationality. The effects of this opinion the world is now feeling in the present indifference of Germany in the Anglo-French alliance.

And yet if any one fact more than another has been suffered to guide not only the whole of our proceedings in diplomacy but every detail up to this date in our conduct of the war, it has been a reliance on that active adhesion of Germany which this feeling renders impossible. We have uniformly said what we now repeat: our statesmen, from the first, have paraded it as a necessity that the interests of Germany, her independence, her honor, her commercial prosperity and future well-being, would compel her to take the side against Russia; and, from the first, we have said that circumstances had rendered those interests quite subordinate to others, and that these latter were too intimately bound up with Russia to admit of independent action against her.

It has been this consideration, neglected by us, which has mainly guided the Czar. He had it in his mind when, in his communications with Sir Hamilton Seymour, he made such small account of Austria and Prussia. In other words, he knew himself sure of the class which possesses power in those countries. And the conviction of this fact, coupled with his perception that England and France were overlooking it altogether, or very imperfectly appreciated its character and force, has throughout emboldened him. We, on the other hand, have been wasting time, and abandoning precious opportunities, for the sake of what is impracticable and impossible. This indeed is now so generally admitted that the miserable fact would not be worth the reiterated comment we have made upon it, if there were not still a future against which we have to provide.

We have lately had occasion, more than once, to congratulate the *Times* on its adoption of sounder views in regard to this all-important matter. It now remarks, in an excellent criticism on the shabby defence of its conduct which the Prussian Court has put forth:—

The simple truth is, that this Court is content to forego the consideration not only of German interests, but of European interests altogether, for the sake of preserving an alliance deemed essential to the stability of *Absolutist principles in Germany*. The question at Berlin is not how the Czar can be brought to reason in the matter of Turkey, but how a Government so useful to abso-

lute monarchies as that of the Czar can be protected from humiliation or damage.

This is, indeed, the simple truth. The German Courts believe that the existence of the brute power of Russia is the necessary condition of the continuance of despotical power in their own hands through the length and breadth of Germany, and the Czar has confidently depended upon their acting in strict conformity with this their leading interest. He will continue to depend on it, and may do so with perfect certainty. France and England, therefore, should in future depend upon it with no less confidence, and abandon at once the impossible attempt to obtain assistance or concurrence from the dastardly German Courts.

On the other hand, if proper means were used, it surely might not be impossible to revive those noble throbbings in the now torpid hearts of the German people, which, if they did beat wildly and injudiciously, still beat highly. Do they want "Germany for the Germans?" Then let them allow Hungary to the Hungarians, Turkey to the Turks, and Poland to the Poles; and applying ourselves at last to the resolute design of reducing the barbarian to subjection, let us, without heeding the effect which the success of any detail of it, such as the destruction of Sebastopol or Cronstadt, may produce at Vienna or Berlin, persevere till we have reduced the power of Russia to such limits as may be compatible with the interests of civilization and humanity. Surely the great German people have but to be thoroughly disabused of the fear that we desire only to weaken the maritime position of Russia and not to lessen her general pressure and influence on the continent, even yet to rally to the French and English alliance, and nobly accomplish their own freedom in helping to liberate the world.

From The Times, 29 Sept.

FEW EVENTS of this year, even though the list should include a brilliant victory, will leave greater occasion for true and permanent satisfaction than the completion of what is termed the Reciprocity Treaty between this country and the United States. A copy of this document we publish elsewhere, and, though its terms and provisions may appear uninteresting enough to the general reader, it is scarcely possible to overrate the promise of so wise and politic a convention. In place of a source of discord and collision, we obtain a source of amity and good will; in place of temptations to strife, we acquire additional securities for peace; and questions have at length been advantageously settled which have

for years engendered uneasiness, and might at any moment have occasioned war.

Before the American Revolution, when the whole seaboard of those countries pertained to Great Britain, the inhabitants of what are now the United States enjoyed, of course, equal rights with the population of New Brunswick and Canada as respected the fisheries in those parts. As all were British subjects, all possessed common privileges in British dominions, nor did it signify in what waters or off what coasts the fishermen of this or that port exercised their calling. But when the resistance of the New Englanders to the legislation of the Imperial Parliament was consummated by the recognition of the United States of America as independent communities, a distinction of rights immediately arose. The Americans, as they began exclusively to be termed, being no longer British subjects, had no longer any title to fish in British waters, while, on the other hand, the inhabitants of those more northern colonies which still remained in allegiance to the British Crown had no privileges within the territories which had just been declared independent. A severance, in short, of possessions and advantages had taken place, and the rights of the British colonists in North America became completely dissociated from those of the citizens of the United States.

It happened, however, that while the superiority in many respects resided with the citizens of the Union, the case was otherwise as regarded the fisheries. The best fisheries were those off the coasts of the British colonies, and the United States' fishermen experienced a considerable deprivation in the loss of these well-stocked waters. Accordingly, from the earliest times succeeding the Revolution the desire of recovering these advantages displayed itself, and squabbles, adjustments, encroachments, and bargains incessantly followed upon each other. Latterly a serious difference of opinion existed between British and American statesmen as to the interpretation which should be put upon a clause of a certain instrument defining the rights of American fishermen. The article stated that they were not to approach within three miles of a bay. This provision was understood in this country to mean that the Americans should not come within a distance of three miles from the line joining headland to headland, whereas the Americans claimed to reckon the said distance from the shores of the bay itself at any point of its circumference. Certain spots consequently existed where the American fishermen conceived themselves entitled to fish, but where our colonists regarded them as intruders, and, as the views of both these parties were supported by their respective Governments, there was evidently a constant risk of

collision. In the matter of argument and in point of law we could not hesitate to maintain that the British Government was in the right, but the temptation to the New England fishermen was so strong, and so incessantly operative, and the interests of so large a class were involved in the dispute, that the American Government was compelled to persist in its contest for the privileges desired. Meantime, too, while diplomatists were wrangling and statesmen protesting, the question was being perpetually pushed to a practical issue by the fishermen themselves. The Americans trespassed, the British resisted; armed vessels of both Governments were commissioned to support the rights of the litigating powers, and an inconsiderate word or a precipitate resolution might any day have caused an exchange of cannon-shot. It is barely two years since a serious collision between Great Britain and America on this question was believed to be actually imminent.

The reader will now understand the liabilities from which both Governments have been relieved. The "Reciprocity Treaty" is a convention admitting British subjects on the one part, and American citizens on the other, to the enjoyment of advantages thereby reciprocally conceded. The Americans are to get the long-sought liberty of fishing in British waters, while the colonists are to partake of the like privilege in American waters. Here the gain is evidently on the American side, inasmuch as they have little to give in proportion to what they take; but other important articles follow. A great number of commodities, including grain, flour, and breadstuffs of all kinds, fresh and cured meats, fish of all kinds, cotton wool, and vegetables, are to be admitted from each country into the other respectively free of duty, so that the British colonies obtain a most valuable market for their produce. In addition to this, the river St. Lawrence and the Canadian canals, used as communications between the great lakes and the Atlantic, are to be opened to the navigation of the Americans, while Lake Michigan is to be opened in like manner to British subjects—a right, however, being reserved of suspending hereafter the operation of these concessions upon due notice given.

We shall not attempt to strike a critical balance of the advantages given and received by the parties to this treaty. It is a well known result of such arrangements that both sides find themselves gainers even on points where they had expected to lose, and in the present case we believe the losses will be imaginary, while the anticipated gains will be doubled. We do not presume that our colonists will find their fisheries any the worse for the admission of the Americans to a share in them, or that the Americans will suffer from

the competition of the Canadian corn-growers. It is far more probable that the fishermen of the one country and the agriculturists of the other will be alike benefited by the change, which will provide both with new markets, while it will supply a wholesome stimulus to exertion. The advantages on both sides will be marked, decisive, and immediate,—the sacrifices which each may conceive itself to be making will in all likelihood never be felt.

But, while the prospects opened by this treaty are so promising abroad, they are still more satisfactory at home. It is something to have put the commercial intercourse of Canadians and Americans on a desirable footing, but it is far more to have strengthened the ties of amity between two such countries as Great Britain and the United States, and to have removed what might at any time have proved a cause of alienation and collision. An American journal now before us observes that the effect of this treaty will indeed be to “annex the British provinces to the United States” as far as the principal branches of traffic are concerned, but that the United States will by the same process “be annexed to the British ‘provinces.’” In fact, strong additional reasons will now exist for the cultivation of good feeling between Americans and Canadians, while at the same time the two supreme Governments will be relieved from the embarrassments of a question which was always threatening a catastrophe. Among the minor advantages of the treaty will be the fact, that it disengages certain of our vessels of war from a disagreeable duty, and makes both ships and men available at a conjuncture when better employment may be found for them. The only person, indeed, who will have cause to repine at the arrangements now established will be the Emperor of RUSSIA. In the return of our vessels from these waters he will see, not only an accession to our naval force, but a pledge of confirmed cordiality between Great Britain and America. That such cordiality may long continue must be the wish of all those who desire the peace and progress of the world; nor could any step be taken more judiciously with a view to such an end than that exemplified in the treaty just concluded.

NEW MATERIALS USED IN PAPER-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR: As a paper manufacturer I have been more amused than instructed by the different suggestions, in the papers, of articles suitable for making paper. Making experiments is usually a thankless if not costly business; and when we have to pay a duty of 200 to 300 per

cent. on the new material to the Government, in the shape of excise, when made into paper, what possible inducement have paper-makers to try them. The capital required to meet the lion's share demanded by the inland-revenue, and the vexatious rules, and ruinous penalties for infraction, required under a barbarous and antiquated code, have had one sure and certain effect, that of confining the trade to a number comparatively few. Their reasoning is naturally this:—the public must have paper, and are using it faster than ever. Rags are scarce and dear; let them pay the increased price necessary. And as the duty does not stop consumption from increasing, the process is being carried into effect in an accelerating ratio. The same causes that have sent prices up so much, will raise them still higher.

Yet it is perfectly true that the material necessary for making paper is in existence, to any extent, and only requires to be developed. They have found this out in countries where the trade is free and enterprise rife, viz. the United States. In that country the consumption of paper is just four times as large as our own per head, and may be put down at 300,000,000 lbs. annually. Manufacturers have recourse to substances scarcely known here; and straw is employed, strengthened with stronger fibre, for thin and thick woven papers, as well as for mixing with white-paper pulp. The waste from palm-leaf manufactures, swamp-canes, wood-shavings, and other materials are employed in making paper, and the quantity of white paper is made more abundant by brown being employed for many purposes it is not employed for here; such as envelopes and thin wrapping-papers. The material for making brown paper is, and will be always, more abundant than those for white paper. But white paper, or paper nearly white, is used largely for wrapping purposes in this country, and all the material that will whiten, and which is put into such paper, is taken away from that species of paper in which whiteness is indispensable, and makes it dearer.

If the duty cannot be taken entirely from paper, a great and beneficial change would be produced by allowing all colored and tinted papers whatever to be free. Then the enterprise of the manufacturer would be free to try experiments without the certainty that now exists of heavy loss. At any rate, he could sell the new-made article at the price of manufacture, without duty. Besides which, substances now very abundant, and useless for white paper, would make good tinted writing and envelope paper, and having no duty to pay would be much cheaper, thus soon coming into favor. Much good would be done by such a step, but until the Chinese shoe of the paper-duty is taken off, the trade of paper-making cannot, as the Americans say, “go ahead.”

I name the paper-manufacture in America from recent and practical experience among paper-mills there. Stimulated by the reports of Messrs. Whitworth & Wallis, I visited the States to see how they managed mills there. *I was completely taken by surprise at the advanced state of the trade in every department, up to the finest writing and drawing papers.* Every improvement that had been invented in our own country is in universal operation there. The elastic state of the manufacture arising from a constantly-increasing demand, the free communication between one man and another on all matters connected with machinery, the intelligence of the workers, and, above all, freedom from any legislative regulations or impediments, all combine to produce a state of the highest prosperity. It is true that the raw material is becoming as scarce there as it is here, and is, besides, 20 per cent. dearer; but fresh sources of supply are being opened, which promise to be inexhaustible. I myself saw and have specimens of an excellent quality of printing-paper, made from the canebrake found on the banks of the great rivers there, under a very simple process. Should the plan be carried out, there will be no scarcity of material in America.

The short supply felt in England has been made still shorter by the large export of rags to the United States. Besides taking this supply, the Americans buy up, for their own consumption, material we cannot use for the same purpose, from sheer want of knowledge of our business. Nor will there be any great improvement till there is new blood in the trade, and its shackles are entirely removed.

From Household Words.

MADAME GRONDETS.

THE institution of the Dames Grondet was — and I dare say still is — a ladies' school, in a part of Paris known as the Quartier Plantin, which lies just within the boundary of the metropolis, at the extreme end of the Elysian Fields. The houses in this district lie shrouded from sight, each by its own surrounding trees or ivy-covered walls: or they are grouped into half-built, grassy streets, along which every footstep echoes. There is a good deal of waste ground in the Quartier Plantin, to be let on building leases; but not many people see the noble sites thus offered to capitalists, for except residents on the spot, girls and boys, and the friends of girls and boys, who come to the many schools there situated — and, of course, the butcher and the baker — few human beings pass the iron gates by which at all main outlets this quarter of Paris is defended.

As for the schools of the district, we of Madame Grondet's know of two other institutions for young ladies near us; and the very next house to ours — we could not see it, but a corner of its grounds came near the kitchen of our sanctuary — this very next house was a boy's school. We never saw a boy or heard a boy, but our imaginations were quite certain that it was a most extensive boys' school. — There was a legend among us also concerning a Grondet pupil who in former times had eloped with a youth belonging to that school, the lady escaping through a door that had once existed in our garden wall. The door had consequently been bricked up. The spot so immortalized was often pointed out to me; but always with a vague wave of the hand that indicated the entire length of the wall, because the door had been bricked up so cunningly that no trace was allowed to remain of its existence. There, however, was the wall, and there was the story, and there wasn't the door. No evidence could be more satisfactory.

There were about a hundred and twenty of us — pupils of all ages, between six years old and thirty. Ten or twelve elder girls were English, and a few others were foreigners, but the French girls formed the ocean in which we were only drops. We were divided into five classes, more according to age than to attainment, and each class had a room to itself on the ground floor, and a mistress to take care of it while there, to lead it to the lecture-room when masters came, and to superintend the preparation of its lessons. The five classes were five distinct school-worlds. Even the garden was divided into a part for the elders, and a part for the juniors. Only at meals we were together in a long room called the refectory, where we sat on each side of a long marble table, with which the walls were lined. We met there at half-past eight to breakfast on thin soup, or milk, or coffee which the girls called chicory; or, in the case of the English girls, upon straw-colored warm water, which was tea. We met there, at half-past twelve for a luncheon, which included meat — except on Wednesdays and Fridays — and plenty of jams to eat with our bread. At three, each had a piece of bread, and at half-past six we met again in the refectory for dinner, which was a luncheon with weak soup added that nobody would take, and with vegetables added for which everybody scrambled. They were taken as they came by the first who could seize them, and in two minutes devoured. — For meat nobody cared except the English girls, by whom it was preferred to everything. Pudding was never seen. After dinner nothing more was to be eaten, and there was nothing to be drunk except cold water.

But, the time after dinner was our own, always excepting a few solemn minutes which

were employed by Madame Grondet, in the review of her young troops. We were collected at a certain time every evening in silent state to receive Madame Grondet, who then went from room to room, and heard the report of our good or evil deeds during the day proclaimed in her presence. It was the season of reward and punishment. Madame Grondet then walked into the midst, accompanied by the lady superintendent; and taking her seat on the class mistress's platform—fat, good-natured old soul as she was—labored to look severe for two minutes together. She had some notion of the telling effect of Napoleon's attitudes, and thrust one hand behind her back, or crossed her arms. When she had awed us enough by her dignity, she would make an imperial inclination with her head, and in a terrible voice of power (or what she meant to be that), bade us be seated. Then we heard our faults or merits read out in a veay loud voice, very distinct in the midst of the great stillness; but Madame Grondet did not visit us with much extravagance of praise or censure. To a girl who had done well she commonly said only, "That is well done, my daughter." But to a girl who had done ill she said, "What is this that I hear?" When all was over, she remained a few minutes to talk with us, and, in departing, kissed those who presented their lips or their cheeks for the honor.

But, Madame Grondet had more solemn exhortations in reserve for great offenders. It will be observed that although ours was the institution of the Dames Grondet, implying by its title more mistresses than one, yet Madame Grondet was sole empress and lawgiver. She had been left in sole possession ever since the marriage of her daughter at the close of the last century. It happened, then, sometimes, that Madame Grondet summoned to her private room certain offenders: generally this was for faults committed on a Sunday. The culprit would be ordered to go for rebuke to Madame Grondet's room at nine o'clock on Monday morning. There she was generally found in bed, with a silk handkerchief, instead of nightcap, tied in a free-and-easy style about her head, and with her favorite little dog *Mie-mie* (a vixenish cur) sharing a seat on her knees with a dish of soup. Madame would give a spoonful of her soup to *Mie-mie*, then take some herself, then intersperse grave admonition to the offender with amusing words of endearment to the dog. The end of the interview was usually hastened by *Mie-mie*, who snapping at his mistress's nose or ears, and otherwise generally exciting himself, tumbled at last into the soup; whereupon Madame would say, "Poor little pet!" as he leapt to the ground, shaking his coat, and would drink off the soup that was left with

great composure. Then she would say, "My daughter, will you have the kindness to place my cup on the table? Thank you, my child; you may go." And so the ceremony ended.

We all dressed alike at Madame Grondet's, and never walked beyond our own garden grounds. The girls whose parents lived in Paris, went home once a fortnight on the Saturday, to stay away till Monday. I was one of that happy number; and wondrous tales we all brought home once a fortnight of the things that were to be seen and done in the great world. It was a real punishment, sometimes inflicted, to forbid one of these homeward journeys. The next worst penal sentence was confinement in a small but very cheerful room, and the cutting off for twenty-four hours of verbal communication with companions. Any girl so confined was not allowed to attend the lessons of the professors; and it was thought worth while, sometimes, to be dreadfully wicked, and to get one's self shut up, to avoid the greater disgrace of grieving some gentlemanly man by a too dreadfully imperfect lesson.

Which of our young ladies, for example, could have supported the awkwardness of her position in appearing to have been inattentive to the words of Monsieur de Lamière? He was the hero of many tales, the idol of all our imaginations. He was a tall, thin, pale, unwholesome-looking man, who smiled in a most grievous and heart-rending way, and leaned upon a gold-handled cane. He had long white hands and very pink nails. The first thing every one saw who looked at him was, that he had long pink nails. He carried pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered and trimmed with lace, and he made also much use of a bon-bon box, which, as the French girls said, he handed with an infinite grace to any one of us who coughed. Half those French girls professed to be in love with him; and whenever it was nearly time to go and attend his lesson, there was a universal bustle, a smoothing of hair with little pocket brushes that had looking-glasses in their backs, and a tying on of bits of ribbon under the plain white collars common to us all. One girl was being treated medically for a pain at the heart, which we discussed in our own conclaves, and traced very distinctly to Monsieur de Lamière.

M. de Lamière, by-the-bye, was our instructor in the art of literary composition; and he set us such graceful themes for essays—If I were a bird—A cross on the billows—and such topics—to promote the sprouting of our early sentiment! Indeed, few of the young French ladies did not profess some sort of heartache caused by the last *gentil petit blond* that had looked at them! Make love to them nobody did till a week or two before they were married. The prettiest remained at

school till sixteen or seventeen; and then, some day they were sent for, shown their intended husbands, courted, and married at a fortnight's notice. They desired no more. Two or three soft words turned their heads. Let the man be *gentil*, and the *trousseau magnifique*; let them be able to declare them so to all their school-fellows, when they come in their most gorgeous bridal array among distinguished visitors on the occasion of the next breaking-up of the half year at Madame Grondet's, and then all was well, all was divine.

However, let me go back to our professors. There was clever, kind, old Monsieur Juton, who taught reading, and read Esther, Athalie, or Phèdre (with the part of Phèdre omitted, by desire), with all genial enthusiasm, until long after he ought to have left off. His was an evening lesson; and the pleasant hum of his voice used to transgress, and we were glad when it did transgress beyond the borders of our bed-time.

Our dancing master was Monsieur Petitpieds, a large man with a small fiddle. He could never have shrunk into his boots, for he allowed himself only a thimbleful of leather to six slippersful of feet. He believed that the whole duty of man was fulfilled by himself, and that the whole duty of woman was to move as he moved. Upon this subject his feelings were acutely sensitive, and we girls appeared to use our arms and feet only for the purpose of putting him to constant and excruciating torture. When we danced out of time he declared himself to be in a state of desperation; when we rested one leg by shifting our whole weight to the other, he said that we took him off his hinges; when we turned in our toes, he groaned and hit himself on the head in a frantic manner with his fiddle.

In the few moments of pleased excitement that fell to his lot, he called us his little cats. We had always on entering to make him our most fascinating bow, which he always returned with imposing dignity. We had also at times to courtesy to a row of chairs, which were supposed to be Queen Marie Amélie, and three or four other persons of distinction; the great stove, the black board, the benches, and the lamp, standing about as an admiring throng. On these occasions Monsieur Petitpieds would whisper his instructions, as if afraid lest the stove or one of the chairs would hear his prompting: "Softly, softly," he would say, with the greatest excitement in his manner, "Gracefully! Now then, my little cat.—Oh! oh! oh!—Oh! you are killing me!"

Of the whole system of education, I need only say that it was oral, aided by the black board and chalk, by our note taking, and by

three or four thin books of dates and names. Music was well taught by ladies well qualified to teach, and charged at an extra rate when taught by masters. France was, of course, regarded as the only country which afforded subject-matter for the study of geography, the other countries deserving no more than a passing glance. Among them, England was particularly execrated by the French girls, for containing such unpronounceable towns as Portsmouth and Plymouth. Scotland fared worse; but the subject of Ireland was exhausted by whomsoever learnt that Dublin was its capital. Six slips of paper found at the beginning of the half year, fastened in each girl's desk, mapped out her routine of work for each of the six days of the week. We worked cheerfully enough, and there were three competitions every year for prizes. Upon such topics I need say no more.

I have touched upon the way in which many of us regarded Monsieur de Lamière. A little more must be said of that unwholesome feeling, which, so far as my experience goes—happy as I was under the care of Madame Grondet—I must pronounce to be the most striking feature of a Parisian school. We talked absurdly of love, and suicide, and husbands; *gentil* little blonds, as lovers, were regarded by the French girls as the natural perquisites of those who should marry; and they even acted among themselves, as an every-day sport, the details and scandals that may belong to courtship, marriage, and intrigue. If two girls among us made up their minds to be one, they announced to the class before it broke up for meals, that the marriage ceremony would take place on such a day, at such an hour, in such a part of the garden—all being invited to assist.

At the appointed time, a mock altar was set up, and the representative of a bridegroom put her black-bodied apron on over her shoulders, so that it should resemble, after some sort, a gentleman's coat. A mock priest made a ridiculous sermon, and the pair were declared man and wife. A week or two afterwards, perhaps, the wife found her husband's temper unendurable; quarrels arose in which, now and then, the whole class, or whole school took interest; lovers appeared, divorces were agreed upon, and fresh marriages were made.

I happened to retain a love-letter addressed to a girl who was supposed to be married to the Comte de Parcaire, by a loving Compt de Villeprè—*who was a girl, aged fourteen years and a half.* "Urgent!" was written under the address, and thus it runs:—"My very tender Cousin,—I have just read your letter, and many tears have wetted my visage in thinking of what you endure." (At the hands, of course, of her husband). "Oh, yes,

my adorable friend, I feel but too sharply your pains,—I weep over them with you. Our situation is very distressing to me, I assure you, but detained here by indispensable duties.—Oh, why, cannot I fly to your side.” . . . and so on, it runs on to become a very fervid declaration of love, and ends thus—“Adieu, most charming of women. Believe in the love, constant and sincere, of him who lives and breathes but for you. Your devoted servant and unworthy slave, De Villeprès.”

There was one character in our school which never will be found wanting in any French establishment of the same kind: namely, the spy. She was a little, thin, red nosed woman, troubled all through the year with chilblains, a miserable-looking creature, literally one of the creeping things of the earth.—I think of her now with pity; I thought of her at school with loathing. She was not mistress and not servant,—as we supposed, a poor relation of Madame Grondet. She it was who admonished us of hours that we would gladly have forgotten. She it was who sent us to our practising; who carried the big keys,—not hanging in a bunch, lest they might rattle and let us know that she was stepping by, but in her hands, where they were noiseless. She it was who had the power of the keys to lock us up. She it was who saw the girl, husband, wife, or lover, slipping notes under doors, and picked them from under such doors and read them. She it was who rapped at the window if a young lady took up her geography when she ought to have been practising her scales. She it was who glided from behind trees in the garden, if any girl indulged by chance, in special execration of Madame Grondet, the priest, or the music-master—she, Mademoiselle Pargange de Merville, walking leisurely within earshot, with her hands behind her, holding open, over the small of her back, a manual of prayers.

Her tongue was against us all, and all our tongues was against her; and French girls when they suspect eavesdropping can sting the listener with biting, cruel words,—for they are quick girls—only too quick, and clever, and amusing. They are not often to be led to see the earnest side of anything that has a trivial side. They have mercy upon nothing and upon nobody except their parents. Father and mother they regard universally, I think with strong and reverent affection.—And yet they are very religious; their ideas of what they are taught to regard as religious right and wrong are sharply defined; of moral right and wrong, their notions always seemed to me to be extremely vague.

Friday was the religious instruction day at Madame Grondet's. The priest then came for an hour and a half to teach the French girls their prayers and their duties. At the same

time the English mistress was supposed to be engaged in the same way with us Protestants; but she preferred generally to repeat to us from memory some novels. She was, for that reason, highly popular among those over whom she was set in charge. There were never any arguments about religion between Protestants and Catholics, beyond an occasional light sneer hazarded. Once, I remember, on the question having been put to M. Juton whether Shakspeare was equal to Racine, he merely out of kindness to the weaker party, answered “Yes, he was.” One of the girls turned to me and said, “Well, then, Protestants were not Christians”—as if that settled the question for ever in Racine's favor—but this was all. The other girls were content, some with expressing detestation of the English, and others with declaring that there were no cows and no eggs in England. The catholic girls were more scrupulous than the Protestants in their devotions. They repeated long prayers every evening with immense rapidity. They confessed, and received the sacrament three or four times in the year; and with them this is a ceremony of the greatest moment. I used sometimes to see them writing their confessions. When this duty was to be done, they were all collected in their class-rooms, with the doors closed. A prayer having been read, they sat some time in deep meditation, with their faces buried in their hands; after that, they commenced a wild scribbling and scratching of pens. I could easily have looked over any one of them writing if I had been impertinently curious, although they were all fortified with walls of books set up on edge around them. Their character was to be gathered in ten minutes. One girl would whisper to another, “Louise, Louise, do you remember when I told Madame that lie about my writing-book?” Another would then ask, perhaps, “Marie, when was it I threw the soup under the table?” And another would cry aloud, “Adèle, can you tell me when it was that I tried to dance the can-can?”

Everything was recorded, even to all the words of ridicule (and they were many) which had frequently been uttered against the very priest to whom they were repeated. He must have been mightily amused sometimes. I was told that he did not care half so much about untruth as about absence from mass; and, indeed, falsehoods were told in the school with the perfect indifference that belongs to one's doing of all matters of course. The girls were, at the same time, always very careful to go regularly to chapel, and that not through any motive of fear, because they certainly had no very hard penances imposed on them for anything. I used to see them on a certain number of evenings after confession-days kneeling before the table in the dormi-

tory, with their prayer-books, repeating penance portions—such as the Ave Maria or Credo—so many times over, as fast as possible; then they would jump up, and perhaps contradict something that had been said by somebody a long time before, while they were repeating. They thought us English girls all very greedy, because on Good Friday, instead of breakfasting as they did on dry bread and cold water, we had our usual milk and toast, and moreover some hot-cross-buns: which Madame Grondet, thinking them part of the Protestant religion, was at great pains to procure.

When any of the French girls were to receive the first communion, they were separated from the rest of us for a month or so before; and were constantly in the chapel, constantly praying, constantly employed upon religious things—except when they very naturally thought and talked about the dress they should wear on the great occasion, and about the beautiful rosaries blessed by the pope, which they expected as gifts from their friends. During a week before the great event, they lived altogether apart from us, except when they came to bed, and then they spoke to none of us. On the last night, when all their preparations were completed, when they had been absolved for all their sins from childhood to that hour, and with excited imaginations were expecting to be consecrated in the morning, they were always in bed before we went up, in order that they might avoid all intercourse with us which might lead them into any petty sin and make a fresh abolution necessary.

I heard one of these girls whisper from her bed to her friend, "Ah, Léone! If I could but die to-night, while I am sure to go to heaven!" In a minute or two there followed from the same lips another whisper, "Have you seen my new dress?"

Next morning, none of the communicants would wash their teeth, lest they should breakfast by swallowing a drop of water. Nothing was to be taken by them on that day, until they had joined the communion. It was very pretty to see these innocent young girls start off to church, all dressed in white, and veiled, with their books and rosaries in their hands,

and with their simple, sincere, and profound faith shining in their young eyes. When they returned, their parents and many of their friends came with them, and our garden was given up to their exclusive use. We then saw no more of them that night.

Their Sundays were spent much less solemnly. After mass many of them would work for seven hours practising their music; sometimes all our twenty pianos were at work together. Others spent the day in the garden, getting through their needlework and telling tales, or reading. Madame Grondet used to lend to the elder girls translations of Scott's novels. Once, she lent the Apocalypse; but I am not sure that the borrower had not been condemned to read it as a penance for her sins. Bible reading was imputed to us English girls as a crime by our schoolfellows, and was always thrown in our teeth when a reproach was wanted. I have often wondered since, what my French sisterhood can have thought the Bible contained.

The English daughters of Madame Grondet spent Sunday together, in a room assigned to them for that purpose. We went with our mistress twice to church, and in the evening had tea together, instead of dancing with the French girls in the salon. Our Protestant governess on that occasion reaped the benefit of her lax discipline, for we generously suffered her to take her second cup before we proceeded to the emptying of the kettle into the teapot and milk jug, which was our way of prolonging the repast.

Sometimes, in the summer, on these alternate Sundays which we all spent at the school, one or two of us English girls were allowed to take an evening walk out of doors with our governess. We went to the Parc Monceau, or to Passy, and looked down on the river and the Champ de Mars. It was in the course of one of these expeditions that we saw Monsieur de Lamière, sitting under a tree with a young lady, eating cherries out of a marvelously common cotton pocket handkerchief. The report instantly spread in the school, and it was said that he was going to be married; which indeed he was. The increase in the number of heartaches thus occasioned was enormous.

MADAME TALLEYRAND AND DENON. — It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into the study, found a vol-

ume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, etc., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant; at last, upon her saying, *Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!* he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.—*Moore's Diary.*

YANKEE DOODLE.—In 1755, simultaneous attacks were made upon the French posts in America. That against Fort Du Quesne (the present site of Pittsburg) was conducted by General Braddock; and those against Niagara and Frontenac by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and General Johnson, of New York. The army of Shirley and Johnson, during the summer of 1755, lay on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany. In the early part of June the troops of the eastern provinces began to pour in, company after company; and such a motley assembly of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of that ancient city (Albany), and taking their situations to the left of the British army—some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all—with colors as varied as the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangements of the troops furnished matter of amusement to the rest of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago; and the *tout ensemble*, upon the whole, exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers, to which they had been unaccustomed. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a Dr. Shackburg, attached to the staff, who combined with the science of a surgeon the skill and talent of a musician. To please the new-comers he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British.

Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was '*nation fine*;' and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but the air of Yankee Doodle. Little did the author, in his composition, then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule should be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

This tune, however, was not original with Dr. Shackburg. He made it from an old song, which can be traced back to the reign of Charles the First; a song which has in its day been used for a great variety of words. One of these songs, written in ridicule of the Protector, began with this line: "The Roundheads and the Cavaliers." Another set of words, to the same tune, was entitled Nankee Doodle, and ran thus:

Nankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony,
With a feather in his hat,
Upon a macaroni.

The first American parody upon the original which we have seen was entitled Lydia Fisher. An aged and respectable lady, born in New

England, says she remembers it well, and that it was a common song long before the revolution. It was also a favorite New England jig. Before the war it was customary to sing the tune with various impromptu verses, such as—

Lydia Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

Perhaps there may be something in this, for within our recollection the "gals and boys" of Massachusetts had something like it in their sports. But our version is a little different from the old lady's, and runs thus:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket
In a rainy shower;
Philip Carteret ran arter it,
And found it in an hour.

At a later period the Tories had a song commencing—

Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will JOHN HANCOCK.

This version has a very strong resemblance to the original—the first line being the same, with the exception of the N, for which the Y is substituted. The occurrence of the word feather in the next line is no less remarkable. A long string of similar verse is known to exist, which were supposed to allude to the coming of Oliver Cromwell (on a small horse) into Oxford, with his single plume, which he wore fastened in a sort of knot, which the adherents of the royal party called "a macaroni," out of derision. What renders the history of this tune the more remarkable is, that to this very day the words of "Lydia Locket," alias "Lucy Locket," are sung to it by school children.

[From the *Complete Encyclopedia of Music*. By John W. Moore. Jewett & Co., Boston.]

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans; with a Commentary and Revised Translation, and Introductory Essays, by Abiel Abbot Livermore. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.: Boston. [Dedicated to the Liberal Christians of the United States, the Church of the Future, Various Bodies, but one Soul.]

Memorable Women; the Story of their Lives. By Mrs. Newton Crossland. With Eight Illustrations. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. [Lady Russell; Madame D'Arbilly; Mrs. Piozzi; Mary L. Ware; Mrs. Hutchinson; Lady Fanshawe; Margaret Fuller; Lady Sale.]

Illustrations of Genius, in some of its Relations to Culture and Society. By Henry Giles. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. [Cervantes; Don Quixote; the Scarlet Letter; Fiction; Public Opinion; the Philanthropic Sentiment; Music; the Cost of a Cultivated Man; Conversation; Wordsworth; Robert Burns; Thomas De Quincey.]

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